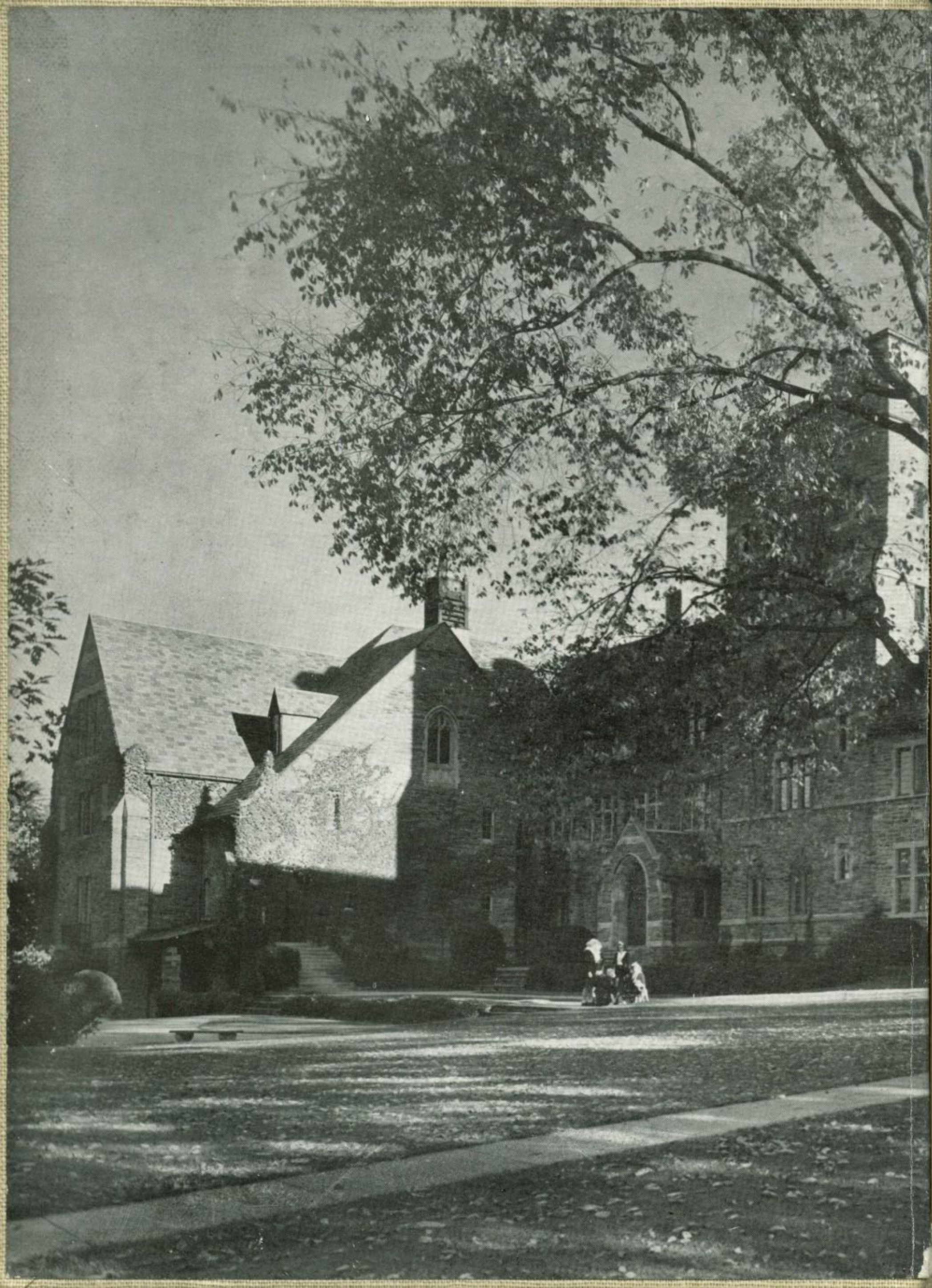
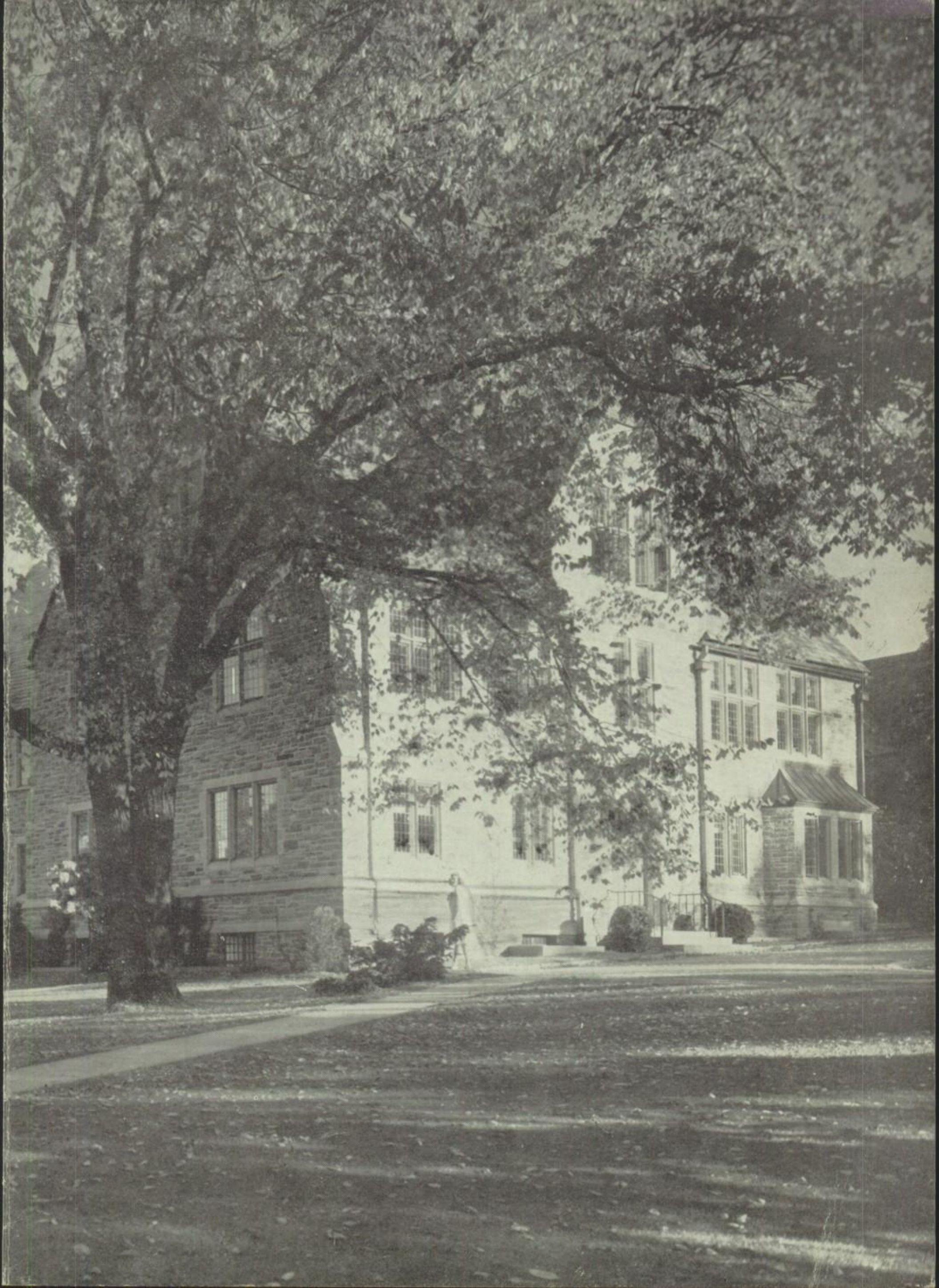


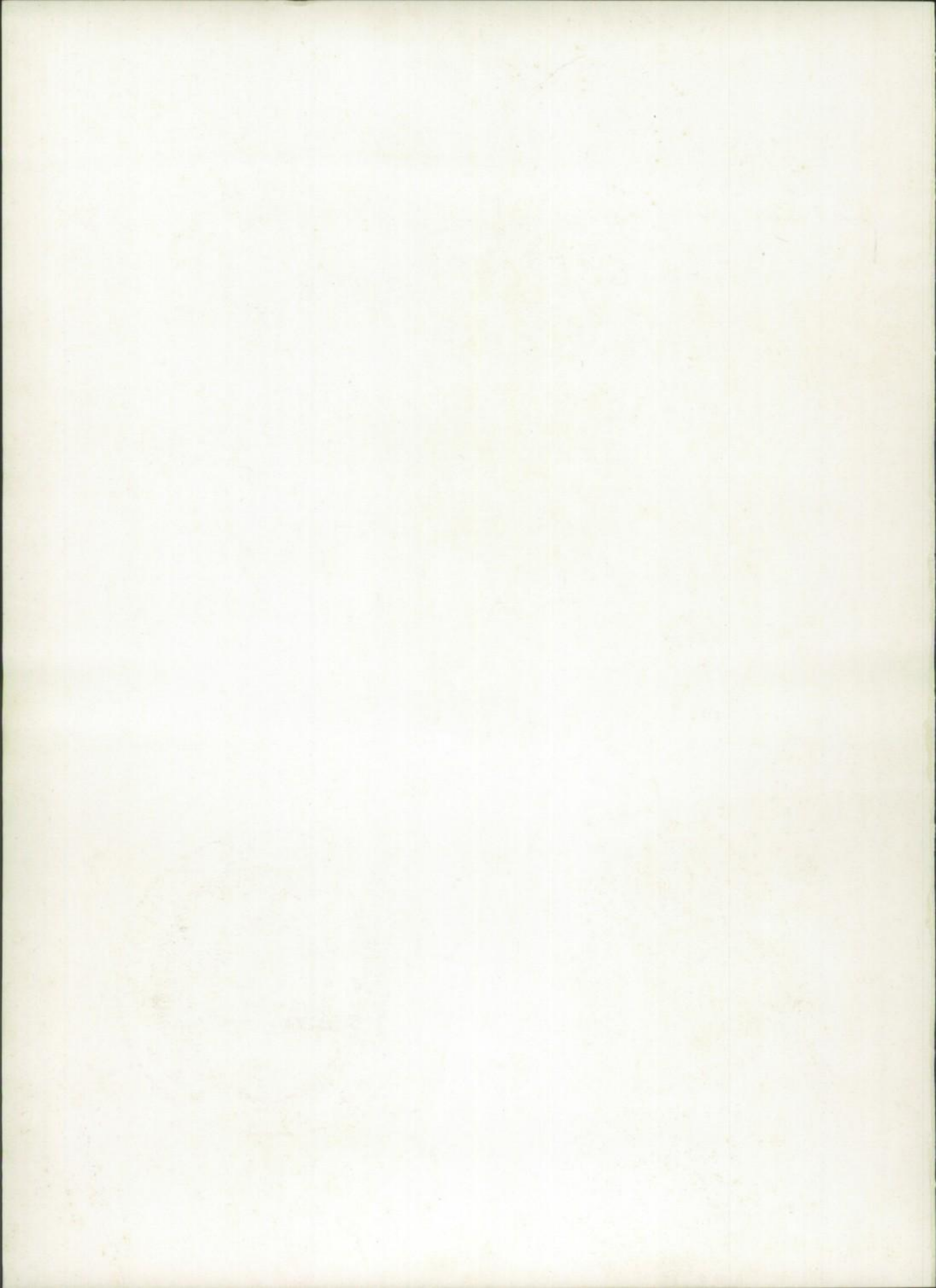


1954 MASTERPIECES

ELIZABETH MAYER

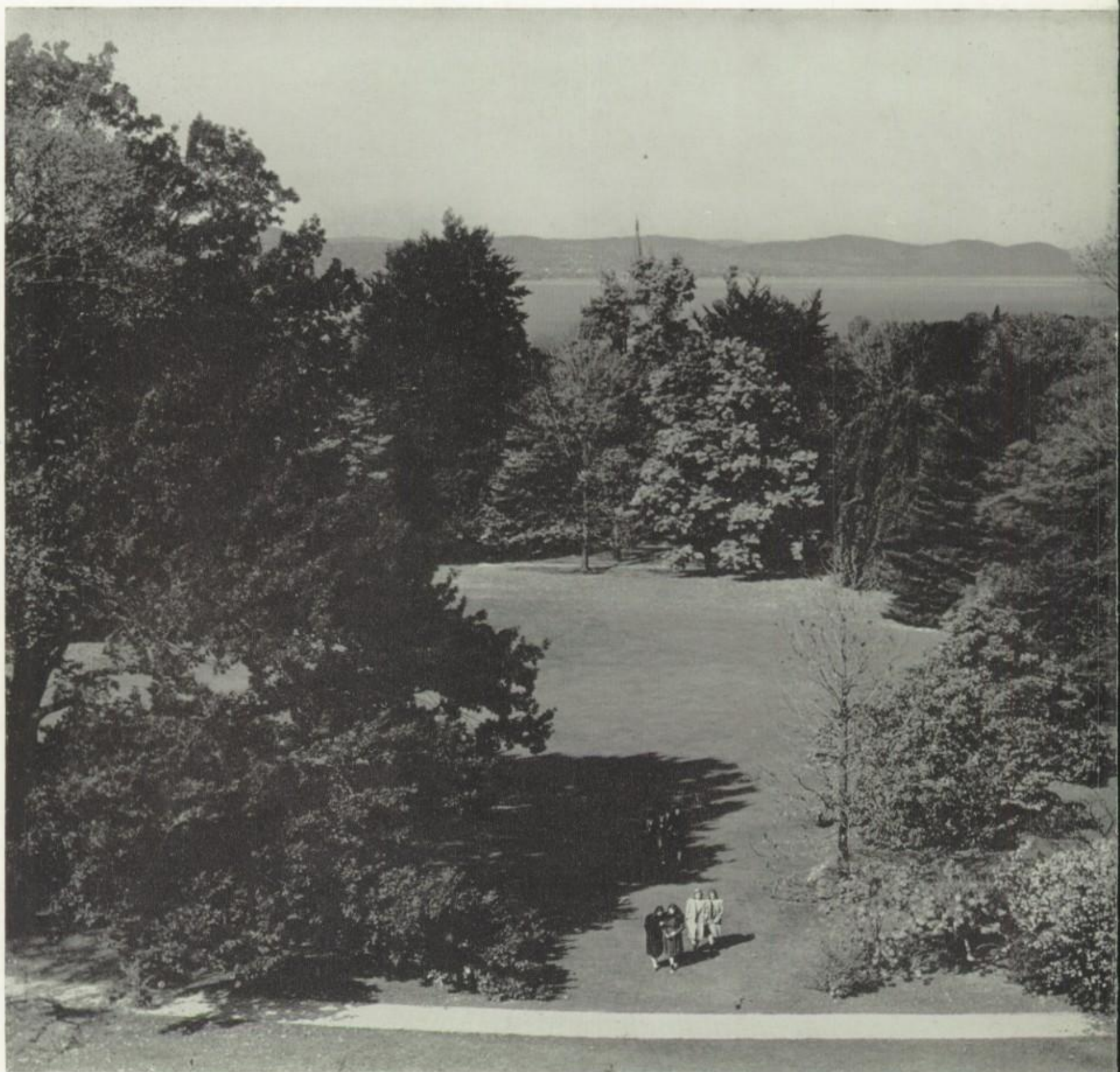






100





MASTER P



THE MASTERS SCHOOL
DOBBS FERRY, N. Y.

I E C E S

for the year

1954

Dedicated to

CAROLINE A. WARD

Because she is an Old Girl who has never flagged in her loyalty to Dobbs, because she has carried out with such good spirit the many tasks both great and small which are so necessary for the welfare of the school and the comfort and well-being of all of us here, because she is always so kind, helpful and friendly to everyone connected with the school, we dedicate this book to Miss Ward.





MISS LUCY K. ROBERTS
Teacher of Mathematics at Dobbs
1916-1954

An Appreciation

For the high standards she has set which have made us accomplish more than seemed possible, for the youthful vigor and the enthusiasm with which she has gone about her task of teaching generations of Dobbs girls not only mathematics but clear and logical thinking, and for her cheerful manner, we appreciate Miss Roberts and will greatly miss her when she leaves.

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Editorial Staff of 1954 MASTERPIECES

Co-Editors.....	Polly Benson, Elizabeth Mayer
Business Manager.....	Anne Rankin
Business Assistants.....	Virginia Evans, Margaret Reid
Photography Editors.....	Hilda Chapman, Lee Masselman
Art Editor.....	Mary Anne Groves
Faculty Adviser.....	Miss Alice V. Waldecker

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Administration

ELIZABETH BROOKE COCHRAN
Headmistress

PAULA DRESSER
Associate Headmistress



MAUDE-LOUISE STRAYER
Academic Dean





TO MRS. E. MANTON JOHNSON

For her kindness to all of us who have been in and out of Thompson House, we wish to express our gratitude and say we shall miss her when she leaves.

STAFF

Seated—Mrs. Elinore Brandreth, Mrs. Anita Girdwood, Mrs. Mabel Paulson, Mrs. Helen Wolf.

Standing—Mrs. Marguerite Gorski, Miss Gladys Lentz, Miss Katharine Mulford, Miss Dorothy MacPherson, Miss Marion Vedder, Miss Sally Van Valkenburgh, Miss Ruth Buswell, Mrs. Roderick Scott, Miss Caroline Cripps.



HISTORY DEPARTMENT
Left to right—Misses Cornelia
 Ehgott, Helen Cole, Evelyn
 Clark, Alice Waldecker.



ENGLISH DEPARTMENT
Seated—Mrs. Muriel Dawkins,
 Miss Lee Caldwell.
Standing—Mrs. Richard Han-
 son, Miss Elizabeth Eidlitz, Mrs.
 Alfred Hall-Quest, Miss Wini-
 fred Crum, Mrs. Holman Har-
 vey.



BIBLE DEPARTMENT
Left to right—Misses Amy Reh-
 fuss, Maude-Louise Strayer,
 Elizabeth McCombe.



Seated—Mrs. Jackson Verdery (Art), Miss Jean Nichol (Latin, Hobby Groups).

Standing—Mr. Richard Spyer (Art, History of Art), Miss Alice Walter (Librarian), Mrs. Lee Ball (Typing, Bible, History).

Not present—Mrs. Helene Fine-man (Study Supervisor).

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Left to right—Miss Grete Sultan (Piano), Miss Marguerite Vulliemoz (Piano), Mr. Harrington vanHoesen (Voice Production and Singing), Mrs. W. A. Schneider (Piano).



MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Seated—Mrs. Duncan Purcell (Biology), Mrs. Robert Burleigh (Mathematics and Science).

Standing—Mrs. Edmund Stillman (Mathematics), Miss Lucy K. Roberts (Mathematics), Miss Gertrude Link (Mathematics, Head of the Lower School), Miss Rachel Bangs (Chemistry, Foods).





LANGUAGES DEPARTMENT

Seated—Senorita Maria de Unamuno (Spanish), Miss Evelyn Bookle (Latin).

Standing—Mlle. Louise Courtois (French), Mlle. Germaine Callet (French), Mlle. Gabrielle Viargues (French), Miss Amy Lois Seasholes (Latin).

PHYSICAL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Seated—Misses Selina Smith, Margaret Malcolm.

Standing—Misses Jean Boyd, Sally Fitzpatrick.







THE MASTERS SCHOOL
DOBBS FERRY-ON-HUDSON
NEW YORK

It is a singular pleasure for me to congratulate the class of 1954 for the successful completion of its time at Dobbs. The four-year girls began their high school careers the very same year in which I started at Dobbs. I have felt particularly attached to this class as we all started out in the same fog of newness. During these years we were fortunate enough to have been among those who helped celebrate the 75th anniversary of our great school. During these years I do not believe that there is a thing "in the books" of girls' school life which we haven't had an opportunity to work through together. I refer to all the good things, the bad things, the great things and the small things, the glad and the sad. I call even the bad, the small and the sad an opportunity, because through them we all have had a chance to learn and to grow.

Our "graduation", in one sense, is the same - a realization that we have but started our education, and that we have finished only in the fact of four completed years. Our "graduation", in another sense, is different: you will continue your education in another place and I will continue mine at Dobbs.

Realizing that I am among the luckiest ones in the class I shall keep the doors of our school constantly open to your return and your visits. It is your task to keep the doors of your devotion to Dobbs standards constantly open. Let no person, place or thing close these doors which lead you straight into the satisfying business of doing whatever you may do "with all your might".

Your school's affection and good wishes for her daughters go with you. Let your affection and good wishes for your school bring you back.

Elizabeth Brooke Cochran

SHARON LALLY WINGER

Mead Street
Box No. 35
Waccabuc, New York
President of the Student Council

Wing Ding

Says: "That's out to lunch!"
Usually found: Twirling my tresses
Stumbling block: People who call me Pinky
Aspires to: It's open for suggestions



HELEN PARDEE LEISENRING II

531 East Frank Street
Berwick, Pennsylvania
Vice President of the Student Council

Penny

Says: "We'd really better!"
Usually found: Forgetting something
Stumbling block: Making speeches
Aspires to: Psychoanalyze Freud



CAROLYN SHERWOOD HALL

1250 Clover Street
Rochester 10, New York

President of the Senior Class

Carolyn

Says: "May I ask you a question?"

Usually found: In a little more than bare feet

Stumbling block: Worrying

Aspires to: Fulfill that which was meant for me

ELSIE AXFORD

1009 Electric Street
Scranton 9, Pennsylvania

Vice President of the Senior Class

Else

Says: "Shh!"

Usually found: Around singing

Stumbling block: Who knows? I haven't met him yet.

Aspires to: Be a friend in need



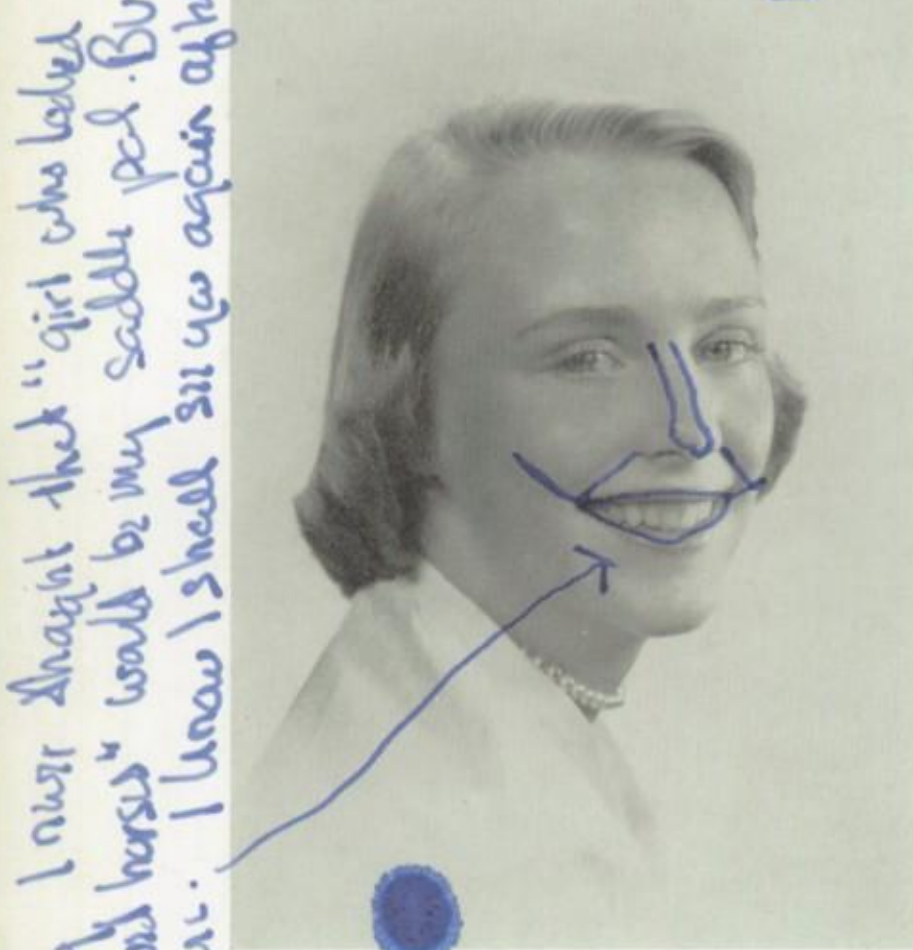
Dear Mimi -

I think Kennup's white "ink spot" is the best job of signing ever seen yet.

From third floor Thompson to third floor Esthenwood! We really have had fun. Last year was a 4 year think many of us will ever forget. What a name we got for it was fun tho. Election wasn't appreciated when we were. M. M. ed much either. Usually found: If you look hard enough Stumbling block: Making the acquaintance of certain people Aspires to: Get from Grand Central to Penn in record time. *be good! M.M.*

When we were and my- and we'll a party for Beat of always and

God bring keep you, you dear child + many you have thousands. All the love + love I can muster - Renay P.S. It's been great + I'll see you this summer. *M.M.*



I must say I never thought that "girl who looked like she loved horses" would be my saddle pal. BUT! (H-H-H-H) I know I shall see you again after the last year is up, + the last hand is shaken + right now I am so wrought with emotion that I can't go on.

Minniboom

Gosh can you believe the year is finally over? Can and hasn't this been the greatest year ever? No and will you ever forget + 3rd floor Thompson with those GREAT parties!

RENÉE LANE ADRIANCE

117 Livingston Street

Poughkeepsie, New York

I have a complex - as a matter of fact I have loads of them crawling, slithering, slinking in + out of my mind. That is why I write the way I do. Well, something like that

Usually found: Gathering nuts in January

Stumbling block: Post-weekend schlumpf

Aspires to: Hit that dirty low note

I do. Heeeeey. Well Mimi, here we are after 4 long years. Can you believe it's finally over? Hasn't this been the greatest year? ANSWER ME!

Anyway, since you wrote me small squiddle in my yearbook, I'll mine my words in yours. So there.





ALMIRA STEEDMAN BALDWIN

34 Westmoreland Place
Saint Louis 8, Missouri

Mydie

Says: "Hi, come on you all"

Usually found: Singing off key or in the closet

Stumbling block: Anything that adds pounds to the hips

Aspires to: Clean up the corrupt world

Dear Heems -

Eqad - the day has arrived! You've done so wonderfully with this tome of pulchritudinous females (vocabulary!!) - Well, thing - JOAN EDWARDS BARBOUR ^{three} years with you has ^{really} been - I don't think I've ^{"Hilden"} Sand Spring Lane ^{ever known} anybody who ^{Morristown, New Jersey} knows were people ^{Joanie} ^(two poor people) I wish ^{Says: "Who, me?"} I could write something ^{Usually found: Looking for the lost chord} Stumbling block: Love! ^{that} Aspires to: Run a sanctuary for neurotic ^{mom} science-fiction addicts ^{orrible but -}

BEST of love at
Sincerely - shall see
you there.

JOE

21

Joanie



Dear Minnie,

can you believe that this year has come to a close and that we shall all be college women in a few weeks. I am

EVELYN DIANE BATES

1120 Park Avenue
New York 28, New York

Every

Says: "Grin and bear it"

Usually found: Writing poetry

Stumbling block: Math

Aspires to: Accomplish her aim



So glad you met in Bermuda - a better boy world. Have to have this summer and if you are ever in N.Y.C. Please do come see us. Hope to see lots of you in the years

to come - I wish you love, joy and luck all the years of your life - I am sure they shall be yours with many other wonderful things as well. Love Every.



MARY ALICE BARNES

18 Maplewood Avenue
Dobbs Ferry, New York

Tinker

Says: "Where'll we go?"

Usually found: At school too early in the morning

Stumbling block: People who drive on the left hand side of the road

Aspires to: Ring the fire bell 'til the rafters rock

Dear Hi Hi,

Will you ever forget discussing
books at Miss Caldwell's table during
lunch time? Glad to see
that some have also
enjoyed "the better things in
life" I'll be
great studying



PATRICIA ANNETTE BATES

1120 Park Avenue
New York 28, New York

philosophy Patsy once we all

Says: "Keep it gay"

Usually found: Hurrying up her roommates

Stumbling block: Athletics

Aspires to: Find the fountain of youth

it been great knowing
you and I want you
to promise to come and
visit us anytime you

happens to be passing good old U.Y.C.
Hope you go to Switzer and not Rockliff
as we do want to come and visit you
and I'm afraid Rockliff wouldn't
appreciate our company (Ha-Ha) Take
good care of Gibby, he's the best tenant exists
along the unexcusable tax. Good luck
happier life and
happier

much love
Patsy

LISA BECKER

R. F. D. No. 1
Castleton-on-Hudson
New York

Lisa

Says: "Does anyone have any change?"

Usually found: Defending the Navy

Stumbling block: Spelling

Aspires to: Run a zoo



DOROTHY LEE BOARDMAN

Manursing Island
Rye, New York

Daisy

Says: "The devil is afraid of music"

Usually found: Happy

Stumbling block: Sewing belly buttons on
sock dolls

Aspires to: Successfully combine poetry
and philosophy



POLLY BENSON

Meadow Knoll Farm
Dundee, Illinois

Polly

Says: "That is a good question"

Usually found: Rushing around and waiting

Stumbling block: Deadlines

Aspires to: Slide down the Estherwood
banister



MARGARET SPENCER BOWER

Woodlands, Croton Dam Road
Ossining, New York

Peggy

Says: "But I'm not ready yet!"

Usually found: About to work

Stumbling block: All forms of lateness

Aspires to: Be organized

JUDITH BROOME

Elm Road
Briarcliff Manor, New York

Judy

Says: "We're as different as black and white"

Usually found: Borrowing

Stumbling block: Waking up

Aspires to: Stand up straight



Dear Mimi.
 Believe it or not
 you were the only
 girl that I remembered
 during my visit to Dobbs
 with Muffy during Freshmen
 year. You should be honored
 because I really has
 of the occasional low
 relatives - went to
 know they all loved
 will also have a
 through our mutual
 we will certainly
 station -
 can't drop in
 sometime after grad.
 If you ever
 high school - do
 sing.

DOROTHY WEEKES BUCK

Oyster Bay
 Long Island, New York

Dottie

Says: "Now that sounds reasonable"

Usually found: Answering letters

Stumbling block: The Long Island Railroad

Aspires to: See this world before the next



Dear Mimi.
 This is a great yearbook
 this year and we are
 all ~~much~~ ^{muchly} appreciation
 will ~~forget~~ ^{you ever}
 MILDRED LESLIE BROOME
 Elm Road
 Briarcliff Manor, New York
 Mitzi
 Says: "I'm white"
 Usually found: Where she's not supposed
 to be
 Stumbling block: Bedboards
 Aspires to: Control her impulses
 awfully annoyed if you
 steal the baby cap
 from me.
 Best of luck
 God Bless you
 Mitzi



HILDA IVES CHAPMAN

Pawling
New York

Hilly

Says: "There's trouble!"

Usually found: Behind sun glasses

Stumbling block: Determination

Aspires to: Be *the* fly on the wall

PENELOPE SUSAN CLEGHORN

19 Commercial Street
Adams, Massachusetts

Pen

Says: "Flips!"

Usually found: Wandering vaguely

Stumbling block: Rules and regulations

Aspires to: Stay out of trouble



OLGA MARIE CONROY

Box 170-A, Indian Hill Road
Cincinnati 27, Ohio

Frog

Says: "Great day in the morning"
Usually found: Playing Tugboat
Stumbling block: Southern hospitality
Aspires to: Have the world on a string



JANE McNEELY COCHRAN

6 Upper Ladue Road
Clayton 24, Missouri

Jane

Says: "How amusing"
Usually found: In bed at 7:20 A.M.
Stumbling block: Now one, now the other
Aspires to: Be a red hot mama

VIRGINIA BEVERLY EVANS

47 Old Brook Lane
Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan

Ginny

Says: "You know what I mean"

Usually found: Doing her bit for Uncle
Sam

Stumbling block: Envelopes trimmed with
red and blue

Aspires to: Be a stranger across a crowded
room



KATHARINE ANNA DOHRMANN

3649 Vineyard Place
Cincinnati 26, Ohio

Katie

Says: "What a panic!"

Usually found: Answering chain letters

Stumbling block: No batteries

Aspires to: Be the Princeton Tigress



GAIL STEPHANIE FARAGO

101 West Broad Street
Westerly, Rhode Island

Gail

Says: "But I didn't hear her say that"

Usually found: In the wrong practice room

Stumbling block: Keeping those weary eyes
open

Aspires to: Understand popular music

KATHERINE ISHAM FARWELL

765 North Sheridan Road
Lake Forest, Illinois

Kay

Says: "Oh, you're kidding"

Usually found: Counting days

Stumbling block: Anything when she's not
wearing glasses

Aspires to: Be Mrs. Alfred C. Kinsey



MARGARET MAUREEN FLYNN

127 Country Club Lane
Pelham Manor, New York

Peggy

Says: "But I don't understand!"

Usually found: Out after lights

Stumbling block: Getting things done on
time

Aspires to: Be emancipated



ANNE FISKE

Sheldon Avenue
Tarrytown, New York

Fiskie

Says: "What's new? . . . that's true!"

Usually found: Eating

Stumbling block: Blushing

Aspires to: Be an optimist



CLARE FRASER FOOSHEE

1000 Forest Avenue
Rye, New York

Clare

Says: "My gosh! thanks for telling me"

Usually found: Looking for something

Stumbling block: Organic functions

Aspires to: Be the Blarney Stone

NANCY LEE FREEMAN

White Thorn Road
Wayne, Illinois

Nance

Says: "I'll do it tomorrow"

Usually found: Across the hall

Stumbling block: That eyebrow

Aspires to: Write a new and better science
fiction story



LOUISA GILBERT

15 Calhoun Drive
Greenwich, Connecticut

Weeza

Says: "Boy, am I tired?"

Usually found: With something the matter

Stumbling block: Drop-seat pajamas

Aspires to: Have long and short hair at the
same time



PATRICIA GADE

1476 Grove Terrace
Winter Park, Florida

Patsy

Says: "Excellent"

Usually found: Composing letters out loud

Stumbling block: My old flame

Aspires to: Tutor Einstein in English



PATRICIA GORDON

King Street
Armonk, New York

Pat

Says: "Oh, dear"

Usually found: Behind a book

Stumbling block: Decisions

Aspires to: Know where I'm going

MARY ANNE GROVES

Byram Ridge Road
Armonk, New York

Mary Anne

Says: "Oh, you just don't know!"

Usually found: On the phone

Stumbling block: Dobbs health breakfast:
prunes and bran muffins

Aspires to: Be a little less confused



CORNELIA FALCONNET HAYLEY

115 Morningside Park
Memphis, Tennessee

Cornie

Says: "I'm hopin' "

Usually found: Waiting under the clock

Stumbling block: Large earrings

Aspires to: Be longwaisted



BARBARA HAWES

74 Hampton Road
Scarsdale, New York

Barb

Says: "It's terrible"

Usually found: Taking notes

Stumbling block: Being "Calf's Head"

Aspires to: Sing on tune



ELIZABETH PHELPS HEMINWAY

50 Hillside Road
Rye, New York

Betsy

Says: "If you only knew—"

Usually found: Carried away by fantastic ideas

Stumbling block: Elbows

Aspires to: Be the tape recorder in a "bull session"

HARRIET THACHER HERRICK

Route No. 4, 915 North Signal Street
Ojai, California

Heidi

Says: "Veery good"

Usually found: Wafting

Stumbling block: Grilled cheese sandwich

Aspires to: Increase the surplus population



NINA KATHARINE LUCKETT

Riverview Road
Irvington-on-Hudson, New York

Nina

Says: "See you around"

Usually found: On numerous campus'

Stumbling block: Pals and post cards

Aspires to: Have a long talk with you
sometime



ELIZABETH LORING

2 Thomas Street
Portland, Maine

Bets

Says: "Oh, stop"

Usually found: Drinking coffee

Stumbling block: Mainely accent

Aspires to: Be protected by a private dick



HELEN IRMGARD MAHLER

88 Old Army Road
Scarsdale, New York

Irmie

Says: "It would be the greatest"
Usually found: Talking to some one
Stumbling block: Emotions
Aspires to: Sell Estherwood to Charles Addams

LEE SPALDING MASSELMAN

"Fox-Run"
West Redding, Connecticut

Leezy

Says: "Oh, you know what I mean"
Usually found: Giving *that* glance
Stumbling block: Those never taken week-ends
Aspires to: Be far sighted



Dear Irmie-
I thought it might
be fun to join the
group- I hope to show you
how I have agreed- well
my hair agrees- well
kid of four
years
have really made
us have it to
say the least! Well
I frankly hope you
like it... well... Frank-
ly... I think it's good
any rate... but at
and don't listen to
much to Birdland!
too much- Love,
Lee

more fun to
make up your
looks 😊

HEIDI JOAN MEIER

32 Bonaventure Avenue
Ardsley, New York

Heidi

Says: "Wha'd you say?"

Usually found: Trying to see over the
dashboard in spite of a pile of pillows

Stumbling block: Straight eyelashes

Aspires to: Laugh without wiggling her
nose



ELIZABETH LOVETT MAYER

Old Bennington
Vermont

Mimi

Says: "How dull!"

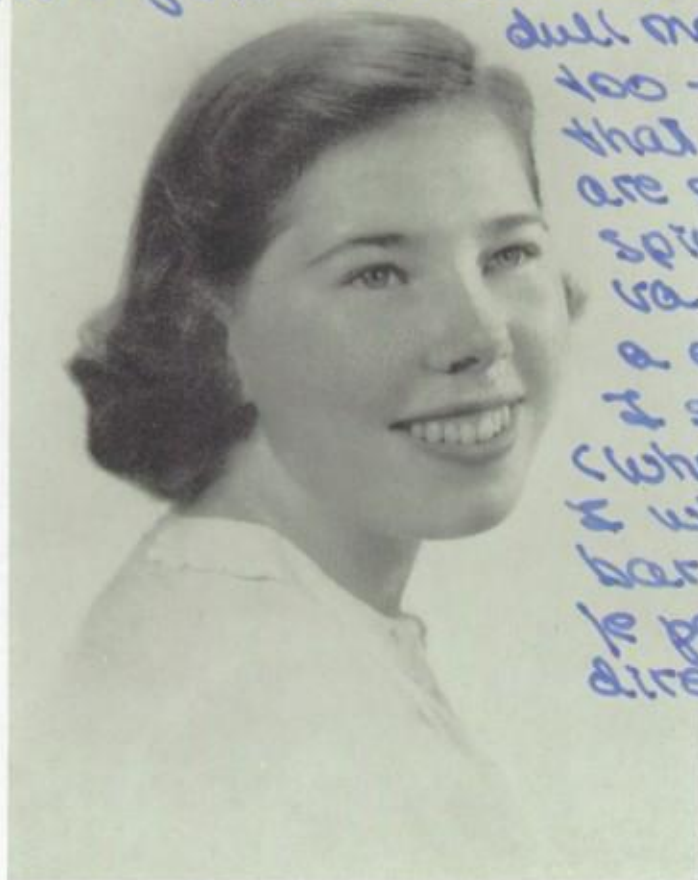
Usually found: Hoping

Stumbling block: Intuition

Aspires to: Lead a revolution

Dear Mimi-

Eh bien, mon ami, je vous manque dans la classe française maintenant, mais it was fun having you there most of the year. That was one class I won't soon forget and frankly I think I deserve something for having managed to live through it (without being asked to leave class) for ~~at~~ nine very dull months. (maybe nine. deserve a reward too - for putting up with me for so long, how that I stop to think about it!) Now that you are gone I have no in-
 spiration! ma française en pis. Have
 va de mal a great summer and here's hoping
 I see you around Jill somewhere next year.
 (when I come to Boston
 I will look in all local
 bars!!) c'est tout que
 je peux penser de
 dire si au revoir, ma chère.



AMANDA FELL MERWIN

1320 East Washington Street
 Bloomington, Illinois

Says: "Nothing but sharp!"

Usually found: Forgetting things

Stumbling block: 5 a.m. alarm

Aspires to: Kick the 2nd floor fire bell

Beaucoup d'amour,
 Jill

CAROL DOUGLASS MILLHOLLAND

29 Beechdale Road
 Dobbs Ferry, New York

Bill

Says: A lot

Usually found: On the run

Stumbling block: Too much to do and so
 little time

Aspires to: (censored)



Dear Mimi -

Because I'm so terribly nice I won't
take revenge on people who scribble all
over my yellowed - album - instead of some
thin scotch & large ink blots - I'll
endow to write a tender & meaningful

message MARGARET KRISTI NORSTRAND

for you to retain

for posterity.

277 Park Avenue

New York, New York

Te. 6-9769

Mimi, and girl,

Kristi

much as

of course

I have

to say

it - I've

Says: "But we have lots of time!"

Usually found: Late

Stumbling block: The Tuesday deadline

for weekend permissions

Aspires to: Make the turn at 5th and 53rd

without colliding with a bus

enjoyed your scintillating company on the way
back from church, across the table in
French class, in other cold dens of
iniquity etc. I'm so glad you had fun

in Bermuda even though I'm so jealous I can hardly bear
it - Oh well - I'll get there next year! Also, I think it's rather
inexcusable that you've put Radcliffe over Smith since I'll be
in Smith - The television is on now & concern nation is
to say the least - impossible - You're been a great friend to
me this year, Mimi - I mean that sincerely. Please call

me in N.Y. if you're ever feeling like
some boring company or a first meal -
if I have a craving for Harvard or
old New England I'll come present
myself so be prepared. As I'm en-

croaching upon

JUDITH MARJORIE MOORE

5120 East Boulevard

Canton 9, Ohio

Judy

Says: "Honest t'Pete!"

Usually found: I'm not

Stumbling block: 88 keys

Aspires to: Say or do just one thing right

potential
writing of Judy
Moose - Be bad &
bohemian I'll see
you soon -
much love,
Kristi





SARAH PATRICIA PENNELL

21 Roland Road
Ardsley-on-Hudson, New York

Penny

Says: "Who've ya' heard from?"

Usually found: Dodging the kitchen table

Stumbling block: Sweet nothings never
written

Aspires to: Acquire Houdini's skill for
escaping

SUSAN MARGARET PILLSBURY

Balm Hollow
Middletown, New Jersey

Susie

Says: "You're so stupid!"

Usually found: In search of wearing ap-
parel

Stumbling block: Laughter at midnight

Aspires to: Be a flashlight in the tunnel
of love



ANNE BRADLEY RANKIN

2960 Morley Road
Cleveland 22, Ohio

Anne

Says: "Let's not argue"

Usually found: Doing flips

Stumbling block: Psychoanalyzing people

Aspires to: Get the facts



MARY GAYLE QUISENBERRY

Barkers Point Road
Sands Point, L. I., New York

Quiz

Says: "I'm so confused!"

Usually found: Wondering

Stumbling block: Uniforms

Aspires to: Do something about it



MARGARET BAIRD REID

75 Abbey Place
Yonkers, New York

Peggy

Says: "Forget it"

Usually found: Hunting for nickels

Stumbling block: Yonkers accent

Aspires to: Speak French fluently

ELEANOR HUNTINGTON
REYBINE

Skipper Lane
Orient, L. I., New York

Muffy

Says: "You know what I mean"

Usually found: Wishing the impossible

Stumbling block: Ping

Aspires to: Have appeal in warm-ups!



LAEL FRENCH SCOTT

939 Federal Avenue
Seattle 2, Washington

Lael

Says: "Come on, you guys"
Usually found: Unfortunately
Stumbling block: U. S. mail . . . male?
Aspires to: Be a treat instead of a treat-
ment



MAGNHILD SANDBERG

Limhamnsvägen 18
Malmö, Sweden

Magna

Says: "How do you spell it?"
Usually found: In the permission office
Stumbling block: English dialect
Aspires to: Come back to U. S. for a year
at college



LINDA SCOTT

Southampton, Long Island
New York

Linda

Says: "I pity"

Usually found: In her den of iniquity

Stumbling block: Being observed by all
observers

Aspires to: Be a bolshevik

MARY ELIZABETH SELLERS

Stonington
Connecticut

Bunny

Says: "I can't bear it"

Usually found: Steaming in sink

Stumbling block: Poof

Aspires to: Be bilingual



ASTRID ELIZABETH SOMMER

87 Buena Vista Drive
Dobbs Ferry, New York

Astrid

Says: "Oh, really!"

Usually found: In a dither

Stumbling block: The tactless two—V.P.

Aspires to: Marry a Mr. Winter



MADELEINE HILDRETH SMITH

4184 Gwynne Road
Memphis, Tennessee

Madeleine

Says: "I don't believe it"

Usually found: Late

Stumbling block: Those ad infinitum ex-
cuses

Aspires to: Be in the Olympics



Dear Dillums -

Well, it's really been real. Looking back into the dim future, I see you and Wuffy passionately in love (being roommates) and I remember you saying upon one occasion that since you and Wuffy adored each other so much that you were going to room together forever and ever - then the end of the year I noticed a foreigner in the room (even a third bed, no less) I'll never forget our little initiations almost at the beginning of the year -

CORDELIA SPEAKMAN

1007 Overbrook Road

Westover Hills

Wilmington, Delaware

Says: "I almost had a bird!"

Usually found: Using gross hyperboles

Stumbling block: Grilled cheese sandwiches

Aspires to: Take over the Platinum Plumbing Company

It was in your room, and all the little new girls had to come in in the dark, and sit on King Albert's and Queen Victoria's

thru + then our picture was flashed - I've still seeing spots, and as a matter of fact I still have the picture (with the mouth wide open).

Wuff 90 - Since messenger Bill is here - greatest luck next few years - love, Dillums

P.S. please sign something longer in my book than you have in everyone else's - - - - -



LOUISE MILNE STOVER

5 Belmont Drive
Ardsley-on-Hudson
New York

Weeza

Says: "Who, me?"

Usually found: Planning

Stumbling block: Curfews

Aspires to: Inspire



ANN BARDWELL STUHLER

110 East End Avenue
New York, New York

Stu

Says: "Yes, what *am* I doing here?"

Usually found: Making rhythm

Stumbling block: Being a Fen

Aspires to: Slink mysteriously around a
corner



HELEN LAWRENCE STRATER

1460 Lombardy Road
Pasadena 5, California

Hell

Says: "I'm looking for a—pardon me!"

Usually found: Making jungle noises

Stumbling block: Being called Sarah

Aspires to: Be Big Brother



ELEANOR DOW TAYLOR

25 Lake Street
Lakewood, New York

Ellie

Says: "It's a woman's privilege to change her mind"

Usually found: Changing it

Stumbling block: Letter writing

Aspires to: See the saints come marching in

MARGARET LAIRD TROWBRIDGE

16 Miller Road
Morristown, New Jersey

Laird

Says: "What'll I do?"

Usually found: Worrying

Stumbling block: Well — wouldn't it be yours?

Aspires to: Recreate the tree scene with Stewart Granger



JANE WATTS

1876 River Road
Jacksonville 7, Florida

Jane

Says: "But why?"

Usually found: In the closet

Stumbling block: Breakfixt

Aspires to: Have a middle name



EMILY VISSER'T HOOFT

64 Cleveland Avenue
Buffalo 22, New York

Emmy

Says: "You gotta nickel?"

Usually found: With a D.A.

Stumbling block: Just one of those things

Aspires to: Be the fifth ace



LINDSAY RACHEL WENDT

East Lake Road
Tuxedo Park, New York

Lins

Says: "Too much or not enough"
Usually found: On the mantelpiece
Stumbling block: Organization
Aspires to: Meet him

MARY-CAROLYN WHITE

307 Forest Drive
Short Hills, New Jersey

M.C.

Says: "I schwear"
Usually found: Reviving memories
Stumbling block: Black and blue marks
Aspires to: Be Tarzan's mate



LOIS LOUDON WILSON

81 Osborn Road
Rye, New York

Lois

Says: "What will I do now?"

Usually found: Wishing

Stumbling block: Bottled sunshine

Aspires to: Stardom



BEVERLY DEAN WILSON

81 Osborn Road
Rye, New York

Bev

Says: "Umm—Boy!"

Usually found: Bewitched, bothered and
bewildered

Stumbling block: Capriciousness

Aspires to: Have triplets

Senior Poll

DONE THE MOST FOR DOBBS	Sharon Winger
DONE DOBBS FOR THE MOST	Linda Scott
MOST TACTLESS	Lael Scott
MISS RHEINGOLD	Renee Adriance
HOT-AIR MERCHANT	Council, Lois Wilson
WINNER OF THE ALTAR RACE	Lisa Becker
RUN 36 MILES TO	Lose a pound
BIGGEST BLUFFER	Peggy Bower
CLASS CLOWN	Hilly Chapman
LAZIEST	Peggy Bower
BIGGEST SOCIALITE	The Bates twins
MOST CASUAL	Brooks Brothers
MOST GULLIBLE	Jill Merwin
MOST DRAG WITH THE FACULTY	Hennessy
MOST ARGUMENTATIVE	Lindsay Wendt
MOST OPTIMISTIC	Eleanor Taylor
MOST PESSIMISTIC	Laird Trowbridge
MOST APPRECIATED	Weekends
MOST UNCONSCIOUS	Clare Fooshee
FAVORITE PASTIME	We'll never tell
DREADED FATE	P. G. course at Dobbs
MOST FUN TO BE WITH	Men
MOST EXOTIC	Dobbs regulations
MOST ENERGETIC	Mydie Baldwin



Class Will

WE, the Senior Class of 1954, being sound of body and mind, do hereby bequeath these our most precious worldly possessions to our successors, who are faced with the almost impossible task of following in our footsteps.

We, M. C. and Hilly, will our suppressed desires to Debby Jenks.

I, Mitzi Broome, do hereby will my teeth to any junior who needs a conversation piece.

I, Lee Masselman, will my after weekend confessions to Barbara Ann Peddy in the hope that she will blush less at its reference than I do.

We, Elsie, Ginny, Louisa and Peggy, inmates of Stalag 3-12, will our "comfy" corner to anyone who is tired of living spaciouly and privately.

The Five Room wills to the next occupants their hilarious quiet hour sessions which can be heard under Miss Cochran's dryer.

We, Irmy and Muffy, do hereby bequeath our questionable talents to all those Junior plays to come.

I, Kay Farwell, will my gift of gab to Wendy Harris.

We, Patsy, Jane, Bets, and Laird, of Estherwood 3-10, will our eighteen lights to the room's next occupants, in hopes that they can get them all out faster than we can.

I, Joanie Barbour, do hereby will and bequeath the last three letters of my last name to Sarah, in order that she may go through life unashamed.

We, Weeza, Barbara, Anne, Nina and Carol, do hereby bequeath our excitingly eventful six-year passage through these halls to any seventh grader desiring adventure.

I, Ann Stuhler, do hereby bequeath my Birdie to Ann Lawler in the firm conviction that she will know what to do with it.

I, Clare Fooshee, will my unanswered mail to anyone who wants to take the trouble.

I, Bunny Sellers, do bequeath all my "good" magazines to Diane Tietig.

We, the Chemistry Classes, do bequeath the rubber stamp of R. D. Bangs to anyone who doesn't like to correct experiments.

We, Penny Cleghorn and Judy Moore, will our ability to maintain perpetual chaos to Lib Ledyard and Karen Dudley.

We, Kristi Norstrand and the Bates twins, will our ability to prolong weekends and throw schools and universities into quarantine panic to anyone with a sadistic sense of humor.

We, Astrid and Peggy, do hereby bequeath our C. O. D. service to any non-resident junior living near a drug store.

We, Polly Benson and Mimi Mayer, do hereby bequeath our executive ability to the Editors of 1955 Masterpieces (with our blessings).



Ideal Dobbs Girl

Dimples—M. C. White

Hands—Clare Fooshee

Figure—Madeleine Smith

Legs—The Broome twins

Carriage—Penny Leisenring

Hair—Emily Visser't Hooft

Eyes—Pat Gordon

Nose—Heidi Herrick

Smile—Anne Rankin

Complexion—Kay Farwell

Clothes—Madeleine Smith

Class History

“ON our way rejoicing, as we homeward move—” forever. Though we cannot quite believe this, we are now able to look back on these past years and realize how quickly they have gone.

We can still remember that September afternoon in 1950, when we arrived, terror-stricken at the formidable sight of Estherwood and ALL THOSE PEOPLE. We met, and promptly forgot the names of those with whom we would be spending the next four years. There seemed to be a rather confusing aggregation of girls in white, teachers, parents, and tearful daughters. We were greatly relieved when our old girls led us, practically by the hand, to First House where we met Mrs. Girdwood and Rocky, as well as the fifteen other freshmen, none of whom, we were sure, we would like at all. We showed this conviction within the next week by changing room-mates at least twice.

Time passed, and life became less complicated; in fact we actually started enjoying ourselves. Our fun began the night that Penny Cleghorn was found sleep-walking on the roof. This was the first of a series of incidents that neither we nor Mrs. Girdwood will ever forget. Among those that stand out in our memories was the death of the piggy plant. It seems that Mitzi was supposed to take vitamin pills. She was sure that the piggy plant needed them more than she, so one night she fed the pills to the poor plant, and the next day Mrs. Girdwood was very much amazed to find it dead. One of our favorite means of self-expression was beating out the passionate rhythms of the jungle drums of “King Solomon’s Mines,” a movie which had made a deep impression on our young minds. We would gather together in Renee’s and Helen’s room and sound out these rhythms on laundry boxes, walls, and heads, until poor Mrs. Girdwood would nearly go out of her mind. Besides being so musically inclined, our class was extremely travel-minded. On Saturday night one might see rather chubby figures perched on the window sill, elaborating on their prospective trips to the moon by singing in loud, raucous voices “Up in the air, Junior Birdmen.”

Unbelievable as it may seem, we did manage to do several constructive things in the course of the year. The first was completing the task, along with everyone else in the school, of picking up the fallen shingles after the Thanksgiving hurricane.

The next constructive use of our talents was the German, the theme of which was composers. We had the extremely hard one, we thought, of doing Stephen Foster. For this we covered ourselves with black grease paint and sang a take-off on "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair," whereupon Stephen Foster turned over in his grave. We won the prize for being most original! However, one sad aftermath was our inability to remove the paint until 2 A.M. In fact, there remained traces of this blacking for the next week or so. That spring, Miss Cochran decided that, as another constructive project, we should clean up the Jongleur House and plant flowers around it. We spent weeks doing this, but we have not since then seen any flowers in that general area. During this whole time, helping us with the constructive, and scolding us for the destructive, was our Senior Council adviser, Posy Palmer, who couldn't have been nicer to sixteen such rowdy little freshmen.

All the things we did made the year go very quickly, and soon it was time to leave school for a short three months. Returning in September, we found that the class had been divided into two houses, for many new sophomores had arrived.

The Cushing group started off with a smashing success in the form of the Cushing fair, which was run by Judy and Mary Anne. It made the surprising sum of \$159.00 for the Harlem housing project. But soon Cushing fell from these heights by reverting to the standards set by our class the previous year. Bells were stuffed, tennis games were played in the halls, and one Sunday afternoon the faculty on the Hill was alarmed by a fire drill about which they had not been previously warned. Apparently several of us had been standing around the fire bell saying how funny it would be if it went off. It did. The glass slipped down, and as Kay was trying to put it back in place, the alarm went off. Poor Miss Malcolm, naturally upset, rushed over to tell us to get outside but we airily replied that it was just an accident. Order was finally restored and the glass fixed so as never to fall again.

The climax of our Cushing career was a slumber party in Mydie's and Polly's room the night before Christmas vacation. We had prepared for this loud and raucous affair hours before by the removal of mattresses from at least six beds to the appointed place. This ill-fated gathering was subsequently discovered and almost jeopardized a day of next year's Christmas vacation. (We are now going to moralize by saying "Let this be an example to any future party planners!")

Second House had neither fairs nor large parties, but it did produce the first class president, Penny Leisenring. There were, as usual, small gatherings on the roof and in the Third House kitchen—this last for obvious reasons!

As a class we were able to obtain our own dates for the first sophomore tea dance

in Masters School history. We also set another precedent by giving a party, complete with pony rides and gooey sandwiches, for the children of the Masters Day Nursery.

Our class will always be remembered by Miss Dresser for the day that some still anonymous member put a set alarm clock in Lee Masselman's desk in study hall. It went off just as Miss Dresser was walking past. Needless to say, she, and everyone else, was terribly surprised. After minutes of frantic search, the clock was found and peace restored.

The school found itself again in a panic with the arrival of the glorious Seventy-fifth. It was due to our class that there were chairs to sit on for Class Day and Commencement, i.e., we set them up and took them down and set them up again. Moreover, we served as ushers for the whole affair.

During these last few days, we spent much of our free time admiring the Junior Room and anticipating the joys of the coming year. The summer passed, as most summers do—too quickly. We returned, brown and sleek, looking backward over the past summer and looking forward to the exalted state of at last being upperclassmen. We were soon divided up into various committees for the purpose of keeping up the appearance of the grounds and the school buildings. Now for the first time, we really felt like an organized, efficient, and extremely capable group. However, we soon discovered that there was much hard work to make up for this. But there was a tea dance coming up in the near future, which encouraged us all.

Since we were in two adjoining houses, Thompson and Strong, we could get to know each other. In these two houses we managed to find time to entertain ourselves by various means.

Thompson House excelled in practical jokes, such as moving M. M.'s mattress and bedclothes into the showers one night at 9:55, leaving the poor girl to maneuver it back down the hall single-handed. Another night several of use decided that it would be funny to take all of M. C.'s clothes out of her closet and sell them to the girls in Strong. Poor M. C. practically had to buy them back. For more active entertainment we turned to such sports as playing hockey with mops and tennis balls, and having water fights up and down the halls.

At the same time the inmates of Strong House occupied themselves in a more discreet manner by totally disregarding the 10 o'clock bell. During these late hours there would be parties, large, loud, and generally undiscovered. Sometimes themes would be deposited at Miss Caldwell's door, since she had unwittingly and jokingly agreed to accept themes by midnight of the day they were due, never dreaming that

she would be taken seriously. On the more humorous side there was Oscar the moth, who had been taped to the wall at his death and displayed to the public with a large sign bearing the words "Moth: species Oscar." Oscar was worshipped with great salaams until finally removed by Mrs. Gorski.

These incidents were forgotten in the excitement of the coming tea dance, a party which everyone anticipated very much, because the one previously planned had not come about due to a most unfortunate man-shortage. This one, however, had plenty of men, mostly from Millbrook and Choate, and on the whole was a great success. No sooner were the dance, and March, over, than we began to work feverishly on the Junior play under Mrs. Harvey's often despairing direction. The play itself, Maeterlinck's "Bluebird," offered great possibilities; there was dancing, singing, lovely backdrops and properties, and above all, wonderful acting, particularly by Muffy and Irmie, the main leads, who gave excellent performances.

On the morning of Class Day, however, we had our doubts as to the success of the play. The day dawned cold, wet, and altogether inappropriate for such a performance as ours. Being generally superstitious, especially at that time, all the Juniors gathered together in the Thompson-Strong court and did an impromptu sun dance with appropriate songs of praise to the higher gods. Needless to say, our prayers were successful and Class Day proceeded in bright sunlight. The biggest moment of Class Day was the Mantle Ceremony when Sharon, despite a sprained ankle, climbed up the steps to receive the mantle and become the President of Dobbs for the following year.

Senior year, the best and last, began when we received our Senior pins the morning after our return to school. We had always been told that this year would be the most important of all our school years and here we were. At first it seemed like all the other years except that we had twice as much work to do and half as much time to do it in. However, this was soon softened by the appearance of such rare but well-earned treasures as Senior privileges, the first of which was permission to play radios in the morning. Among other anticipated pleasures was the dance with the Yale freshmen, who arrived, with six or seven too few boys, over an hour late. Nevertheless the food and orchestra were excellent, so almost everybody had a good time.

On the whole, this year has consisted of much work, occasional but gay week-ends, and worries about colleges and the future. Now on the point of leaving forever, we hope that our successors may have as much fun as we did, and we wish all the luck in the world to every member of the class of 1954.

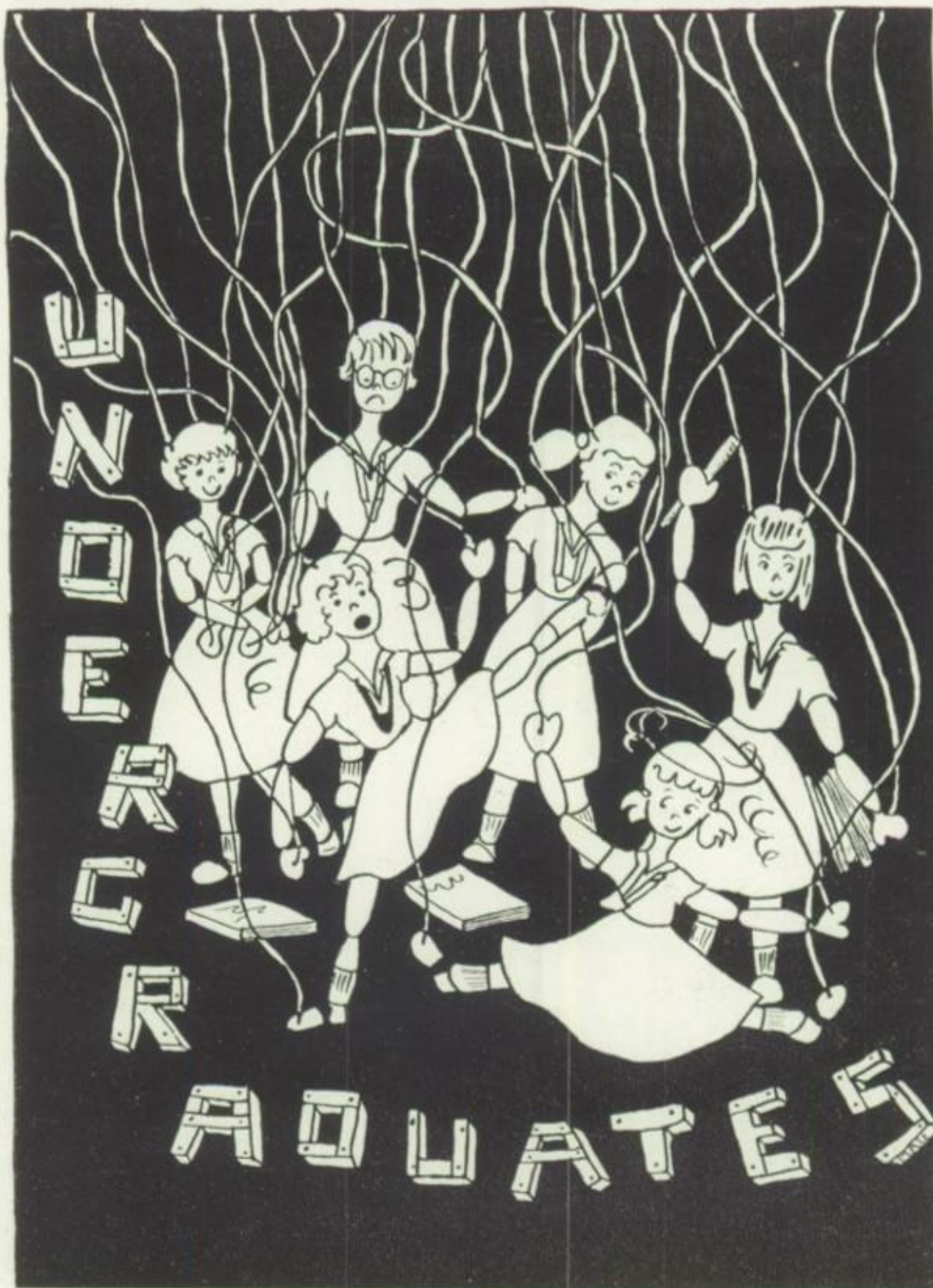














First row—J. Harris, R. Kelly, C. Cappel, M. Miller, D. Field, N. Richardson, J. Tillman, E. Hanson (Secretary), S. Pirie, S. Barber, A. Curtis, J. Hamlin.

Second row—E. Jones, L. Brown, M. Sandberg, C. Howes, M. E. Rodman, E. Babcock, A. Dewey, L. Straub, B. Rownd, R. Price, S. Thompson, M. A. Newlands, L. Maloney, J. L. Barker.

Third row—K. Field, A. Ravndal, C. Bopp, M. Sattley, C. deLaittre, S. Dobson, L. Yost, K. Lindsay, K. Warwick, J. Spear, H. Hamilton, N. Dennis, B. Barker, S. Warner (Vice President), M. Clay, B. Thorndike.

Fourth row—L. Kooros, D. O'Brien, J. Hekma, H. Tomkins, E. Prichard, M. A. Rapp, E. Knox, B. Walker, E. Roosen, J. Kemp, D. Smithies, P. de Sola, K. Johnson, S. Merwin, M. Forker.

Fifth row—M. Preston, R. Cartwright, M. Elmes, E. Ledyard, K. Kipke, J. Davisson, H. VanCampen (President), A. Lawler, J. MacDonell, B. Damgard, D. Jenks, S. Kenyon, K. Dudley (Treasurer).

Sixth row—T. Steinman, M. Phelps, M. Case, N. Chase, J. Winston, S. Moore, A. Balis, M. Morris.

Not present—A. Bruce, S. Freeman, E. Letzerich, S. Smith, M. Waller.

JUNIOR CLASS







First row—B. Elliott, M. Kittredge, S. Alsop, S. Muldoon, K. Marshall, E. Theiler, A. Ritchie, D. Davis, V. Norton, J. Weigl, M. Wood.

Second row—W. Harris, E. Crossfield, E. Muse, M. Elliott, M. Rand, L. Canaday, G. Harris, B. Brooks, S. Terry, S. Mills, R. Goodwin, V. Bull, S. J. McCarroll.

Third row—J. Reed, D. Collins, R. Taber, M. Bowden, A. Grace, N. Vidal, B. A. Peddy, M. Nichols, A. McDowell, A. Moore, J. Grout, S. Starke, J. Stauter, G. Greig, B. Flower, S. Lincoln, E. Platt.

Fourth row—L. Kreuttner, M. Heyworth, R. Wilson, J. Smith, J. Robbins, L. Lunt, M. Cole, E. Brady, F. Hill, W. Bell, B. Hansen, S. Weisman, J. Brown, D. Rotan.

Fifth row—J. Clapton, V. Cochran, B. Deeds, B. Gross, S. Moorhead, I. Phillips, J. Muth, L. Trunz, F. Simpson, P. Hosp, J. Sperry.

Sixth row—S. McCormack, C. Compton, E. McEldowney, M. Burton, N. Grace, E. Hall, I. Spurr, C. Trimble.

Not present—H. Wolflisberg.



Sophomore Class





First row—A. Norris, S. Rutter, N. Samuel, B. Briggs, D. Shrader, E. Tillman, A. Newlands, L. Millholland.

Second row—A. Cromelin, C. Flander, D. Weston, C. Thorgersen, A. Robinson.

Third row—G. Taylor, K. McIntosh, J. Kwok, D. Merritt, E. Lord.

Fourth row—M. L. Matthews, V. Judson, D. Roberts, D. Dunning, B. Reybine, P. May.

Fifth row—F. Johnson, L. Johnson, L. Rodgers, L. Burling, M. LeBlond.

Sixth row—D. Tietig, K. Ringland, V. Juhring, M. H. Pauly, E. Lowgren, C. Bibby, L. Lundberg.

Not present—E. Nuttle, K. Williams.

Freshman Class







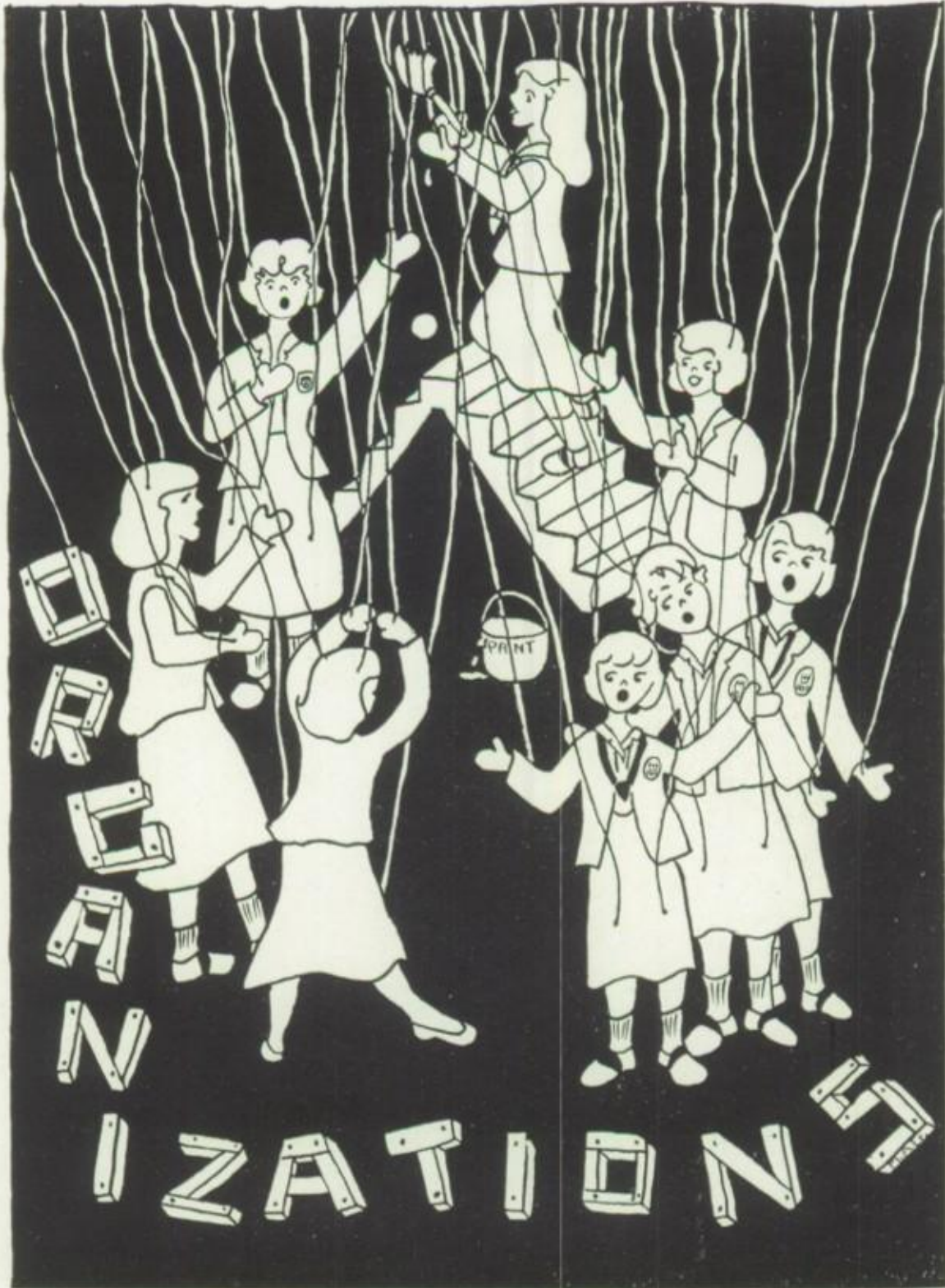
First row—Mary Ann McAfee, Susan Rose, Kathleen Melton, Heidi Becker, Linda Braun, Gay Tschudy, Janet Burns, Sylvia Dillon.

Second row—Mary Elizabeth Cronquist, Betsy Thorndike, Sally Sanderson, Mary Elizabeth Altgelt, Susan Hockmeyer, Louise Cowper, Zoe Eansor.

Third row—Putnam Hazen, Judy Edge, Diane Dodd, Nancy Weston, Emily Hamilton, Elizabeth Vincent, Cathy Schmid.

Lower School







First row—Barbara Rownd, Carol Millholland, Margaret Coxhead (Secretary-Treasurer), Sharon Winger (President), Helen Leisenring (Vice President), Irmgard Mahler, Almira Baldwin. *Second row*—Carolyn Hall, Harriet VanCampen, Louise Stover, Nancy Freeman, Mary Elizabeth Sellers, Barbara Walker, Louisa Gilbert. *Not present*—Virginia Cochran, Eve Hall, Jeanette Kwok, Susannah Weisman.

Student Council



Granddaughters

First row—Sarah Mills (Sarah Morgan Mills '26), Mary Brooks (Augusta Archbold Brooks '95), Deborah Collins (Louise Neff Collins '31), Sarah Lincoln (Mary Lucretia Loomis Lincoln '20), Wendy Harris (Margaret Small Harris '35), Ruth Goodwin (Ruth Hoxsey Griggs '00), Elizabeth Griggs Goodwin '25), Kathrine Ringland (Fannie Johnson Ringland '28), Diana Dunning (Betty Moore Dunning '24), Lucy Straub (Rachel McClintock Straub '05, Betty Guiler Straub '28), Anne Curtis (Frances Steele Curtis '29), Sharon Pirie (Daisiana Smith Giles '23), Judith Hamlin (Charlotte Ward Bronson '97, Mary Bronson Hamlin '27). *Second row*—Virginia Norton (Winifred King Schultz '05, Hildegarde Schultz Norton '32), Wendy Bell (Virginia Ford Bell '31), Martha Sattley (Florence Walker Sattley '26), Ariane Dewey (Marjorie Robbins Hopkins '05), Madeleine Smith (Margaret Laws Smith '29), Joan Barbour (Katherine Stanton Barbour '92), Carolyn Hall (Barbara Smith Hall '30), Betsy Flower (Betty Barr Smith Flower '17), Katharine Dohrmann (Katharine Ernst Dohrmann '16), Frederica Johnson (Josephine Templeton Johnson '32), Susan Starke (Anne McEwen Todd '23), Mary Rand (Mary Nisbet Rand '23), Virginia Judson (Mr. Cyrus F. Judson), Margherita Harris (Jean Hyman Harris '32), Eve Hall (Barbara Smith Hall '30), Alexandra Cromelin (Katherine Young Cromelin '22). *Third row*—Harriet Van Campen (Dorothy Cole Van Campen '20), Dorothy Rotan (Dorothy Topping Bomeisler '09), Molly Bowden (Mary Burnham

Bowden '89), Julia Brown (Katherine McLennan Brown '34), Ashley Moore (Harriet Hamilton Moore '30), Lee Masselman (Florence Coughlin Masselman '26), Brierly and Eleanor Reybine (Ethel Field Reybine '30), Elizabeth Lord (Dorothy Hill McWilliams '27), Katherine Farwell (Lois Miller Waterman '01, Mary Elizabeth Waterman Farwell '23), Kaia Johnson (Elizabeth Hopkins Johnson '91), Louisa Gilbert (Louise Fisk Waring '99, Louise Waring Gilbert '23), Helen Leisenring (Helen Lee Pardee Leisenring '13), Nina Luckett (Mary Sayles Luckett '26). *Fourth row*—Corinne de Laittre (Rosamond Little de Laittre '04), Mary Lee Matthews (Elizabeth Turner Matthews '20), Julia Muth (Mary Randol Carroll '94, Lee Carroll Muth '20), Mary Elizabeth Sellers (Elizabeth Eckert Sellers '26), Hilda Chapman (Hilda Libby Ives '05, Elizabeth Ives Chapman '24), Patricia Gade (Mildred Rutter Gade '31), Margaret Coxhead (Margaret Douglass Coxhead '30), Virginia Cochran (Virginia Frew Wright '06, Virginia Wright Cochran '28), Elizabeth Ledyard (Elizabeth Edwards Ledyard '26), Dolores Smithies (Gladys Fernandez Smithies '31), Martha Nichols (Katherine Edwards Nichols '28). *Not present*—Dorothy Buck (Charlotte Porter Buck '98), Janet Burns (Janet Luke Burns '20), Harriet Herrick (Pauline Boulton Herrick '05), Margot Kittredge (Katharine Leaman Kittredge '94), Sandra Smith (Nancy Falk Mayhew '24), Carroll Trimble (Nancy Carroll Trimble '29).



First row—Carolyn Hall, Elsie Axford. Second row—Irmgard Mahler, Clare Fooshee, Nancy Freeman, Polly Benson, Carol Millholland, Lisa Becker.



Senior Executive Board

Yearbook Board

Front row—Elizabeth Mayer (Co-Editor), Anne Rankin (Business Manager), Polly Benson (Co-Editor). Second row—Lee Masselman, Mary Anne Groves. Third row—Virginia Evans, Hilda Chapman, Margaret Reid.





Junior Executive Board

In Front—Judy Hamlin, Ariane Dewey. *First row*—Sarah Barber, Karen Dudley (Treasurer), Harriet Van Campen (President), Suzanne Warner (Vice-President), Elizabeth Hanson (Treasurer). *Second row*—Barbara Walker, Ann Lawler, Ellen Knox, Barbara Rownd.

First row—Gayle Quisenberry, Helen Leisenring, Sharon Winger, Mary Elizabeth Sellers, Hilda Chapman, Clare Fooshee. *Second row*—Almira Baldwin, Nancy Freeman, Louisa Gilbert, Lindsay Wendt, Margaret Coxhead, Elsie Axford, Elizabeth Mayer, Carolyn Hall.

Ten Leaders





First row—Linda Maloney, Julia Spear, Suzanne Warner, Isobel Spurr, Diana Davis, Jessie Harris, Mary Elmes, Judith Hamlin. *Second row*—Mary Case, Nancy Freeman, Margaret Coxhead, Patricia Bates, Patricia de Sola, Virginia Cochran, Elsie Axford (Secretary), Harriet Van Campen, Martha Sattley, Martha Preston, Carolyn Hall. *Third row*—Evelyn Bates (Treasurer), Helen Leisenring, Louisa Gilbert (Chairman), Lindsay Wendt (Vice-Chairman), Mary Elizabeth Sellers, Sharon Winger. *Not present*—Vida Bull, Ellen Babcock, Dolores Smithies.

Correspondence Committee

Carpe Diem

First row—Heidi Meier (Treasurer), Carol Millholland (President), Louise Stover (Vice-President), Nina Luckett (Secretary). *Second row*—Mary Elliott, Virginia Judson, Barbara Hawes, Margaret Reid, Joan Tillman.





Phoenix



First row—Beverly Wilson, Mary Elliott, Barbara Walker, Irmgard Mahler, Sarah Jane McCarroll, Vida Bull, Margaret Bower, Almira Baldwin. *Second row*—Mary Anne Groves, Louisa Gilbert, Sharon Winger, Lois Wilson (Treasurer), Eleanor Reybina (President), Sarah Pennell (Secretary), Patricia Gade (President of the Technical Staff), Martha Preston, Evelyn Bates, Cornelia Hayley. *Third row*—Karen Dudley, Louise Stover, Elsie Axford, Nancy Freeman, Jane Watts, Suzanne Warner, Margaret Coxhead, Barbara Gross, Ellen Knox. *Not present*—Adele Bruce, Mary Clay, Sarah Freeman, Wendy Harris, Elizabeth Letzerich, Ann McDowell, Lee Masselman, Virginia Norton, Mary Ann Rapp, Cordelia Speakman, Heidi Wolfisberg.

First row—Emily Visser't Hooft (Secretary-Treasurer), Anne Fiske (Co-Vice President), Almira Baldwin (President), Cordelia Speakman (Co-Vice President). *Second row*—Anne Rankin, Nina Luckett, Carolyn Hall, Sarah Pennell, Penelope Cleghorn. *Third row*—Ellen Knox, Polly Benson, Helen Strater, Sharon Winger. *Fourth row*—Mary Elizabeth Sellers, Meredith Morris, Dorothy Buck, Heidi Herrick, Olga Conroy. *Not present*—Sarah Barber, Jane Cochran, Patricia Gade, Ann Lawler, Martha Sattley, Sandra Smith.

D. A. A.





Glee Club

First row—Gayle Quisenberry (Secretary-Treasurer), Laird Trowbridge (President), Joan Barbour (Vice-President), Jane Cochran (Librarian). *Second row*—Madeleine Smith, Marsha Wood, Sharon Pirie, Lucy Straub, Judith Moore, Susan Thompson, Elizabeth Hanson, Margaret Flynn, Sarah Barber, Janet Reed, Sarah Lincoln, Anne Curtis, Lynda Yost, Elizabeth Loring. *Third row*—Carolyn Hall, Renee Adriance, Harriet Van Campen, Elena Roosen, Kaia Johnson, Nina Luckett, Mary Alice Barnes, Margaret Reid, Julia Spear, Janet Kemp, Clare Fooshee, Carol Millholland. *Fourth row*—Hilda Chapman, Emily Visser't Hooft, Lynn Trunz, Deborah Jenks, Ann Stuhler, Anne Fiske, Sydney Moore, Karen Kipke, Jeanne Corbett, Kristi Norstrand, Patricia Gordon, Helen Leisenring. *Not present*—Mildred Broome, Corinne de Laittre, Katharine Dohrmann, Betsy Flower, Ruth Goodwin, Susan McCormack, Sarah Mills, Rew Price, Mary Rand, Alice Ravndal, Magnhild Sandberg, Sandra Smith, Helen Strater, Mary Carolyn White.

Sixteen

First row—Laird Trowbridge, Joan Barbour (President), Jane Cochran, Anne Curtis. *Second row*—Sydney Moore, Renee Adriance, Ann Stuhler, Sally Lincoln. *Third row*—Madeleine Smith, Emily Visser't Hooft, Sarah Barber, Gayle Quisenberry. *Not present*—Mildred Broome, Katharine Dohrmann, Ruth Goodwin, Alice Ravndal.





Tower



First row—Polly Benson (Co-Editor), Patricia Gordon (Co-Editor). *Second row*—Susan Pillsbury (Co-Business Manager), Karen Dudley, Patricia Gade (Co-Business Manager), Penelope Cleghorn, Margaret Bower. *Not present*—Elizabeth Letzerich, Katherine Lindsay, Elizabeth Loring, Alice Ravndal, Dorothy Rotan.

Kneeling—Ariane Dewey, Judith Moore, Katharine Farwell, Katherine Feld. *Standing*—Harriet Van Campen, Sydney Moore, Lois Wilson. *Absent*—Diana Davis, Corinne de Laittre, Eve Hall, Rosemary Kelly, Dorothy Shrader, Fredrika Simpson.

Chapel Committee





Dance Club

First row—Jane Davisson (Wardrobe Mistress), Margaret Flynn (President), Gail Farago (Vice President), Cornelia Hayley (Secretary-Treasurer). *Second row*—Molly Bowden, Janet Kemp, Elizabeth Hanson. *Third row*—Vida Bull, Mary Elizabeth Rodman, Jennifer Winston, Mary Elizabeth Sellers, Barbara Walker, Elizabeth Theiler. *Not present*—Elaine Crossfield, Ariane Dewey, Carol Millholland.

Literary Cooks

First row—Kristi Norstrand, Ann Stuhler (President), Mary Clay. *Second row*—Joan Barbour, Mary Anne Newlands, Ann Lawler, Clare Fooshee, Susan Merwin, Jessie Harris. *Not present*—Elizabeth Theiler, Milbrey Waller (Vice President).



THE KETTLE

Texture

MARY ANN NEWLANDS

Aluminum rain drops fall on a patchwork field
So a tin-foil farmer's crops will yield,
Tinkling noisily as they break
On a near-by pink glass lake.
A fat felt lady hurries out to get
Her cellophane wash so it won't get wet,
And the farmer's daughter of bright green yarn
Puts her cardboard chickens in the paper barn.
A calico cow waddles under some trees
Of polka-dot linen and falls on her knees
To watch undisturbed the china sky
Get everything wet while she stays dry.
And the tin-foil farmer runs that he may
Cover up quickly his toothpick hay,
While a fat pink duck with evident glee
Wades through poodle cloth puddles happily,
But the combed cotton clouds soon roll away
And a porcelain sun returns to stay.

The Sound of Silence

MARY CLAY

Lying fallow on my bed
At eventide,
I hear the buzz and hum of life
Subside
And die away.
Tossing, sleepless, nerves taut
And stretched;
The hot, still night against my heart
Is pressed
Painfully.
Out of this sultry, calm, my thoughts
Reach up
And soar away, to that ethereal world
Beyond the stars
Where dreams are made,

And lifeless, sense benumbed,
My mortal body
Cold, still, shell that once held
Myself
Is quiet!
Then, through the night, a sound
Like falling snow
Or branches whispering softly in
The summer air
Comes.
The pattering rustle, which assails
My soul,
Is neither snow nor leaves. It is
The sound
Of silence.

New York

KRISTI NORSTRAND

SHE stood on the balcony of the small apartment and gazed out over the wonderful city. The balcony was her private tower and from it she was able to see a large part of Manhattan, over to Fifth Avenue and the park, and down Park Avenue, and in the other direction, the East River. She could not see the river itself in the darkness but the lights from the docks sparkled against the sky and she was able to see the tiny busses and taxis moving as though mechanically on various streets in the distance. City noises rose from the pavements, honks of car horns, squeaks of tires, and the laborious groans of the Lexington Avenue bus. She heard them and understood them and yet was above them, an observer. They could feel the heat of a summer night, but she, up above the world, felt that the air was fresh and cool. Her balcony was not a part of those men's disappointments and ambitions but here she was able to watch over her city and see how small and insignificant its people really looked in contrast to the wide sky above. The city looked like a toy metropolis whose servants worked in perfect precision as though all were controlled by a master switch. The city was throbbing with life, hurried, tense, rapid life, and she loved it for she was a part of it. People of all different sorts were scurrying down there and each in his way was striving toward a common goal, working under one Universal Power.

There was a ring of her doorbell and she heard the laughter begin as her older sister answered it. There were more such rings—the cocktail hour had begun. She stepped from the balcony into the living room and closed the door on the city. Its life and security would wait there for her.

The beat of the party became quicker and quicker, gayer and gayer. A swirl of laughter, talk, expression of ideas you didn't believe, competition, trying to keep up with the quickening pace, and the futility of straining for acceptance in a group to which you could never belong . . . insincerity . . . and then the discussion of evening plans, retrieving of coats, frenzy and laughter and finally quiet; all were gone.

She breathed a deep breath as if to exhale some of the confusion, insecurity, and undesired truths which she had experienced that evening. She was not a part of her sister's life nor of her parents'. Life was just a fight to keep up, to understand, to be a part of a group with whom she had nothing in common.

Slowly she went to the balcony and looked out over the city. Her city was still beating in a rhythmic pattern of life, the same miniature vehicles still inched along the avenues, the city was still sparkling with brilliant lights and there were still the same city noises, honks of horns, squeaks of tires, and the laborious groans of the Lexington Avenue bus, but somehow, despite these things, she felt very much alone.

Transient Figures

SUE MERWIN

The world is deathless; then why must we be
Transient figures moving o'er its plains?
Born into the shallow light of life,
We gain a soul and die to lose again.

Why amidst the raging seas of time,
Our lives, like turbulent waves against the shore,
With clawing fingers scrape against the rock;
Repulsed, they ebb away to flow no more.

Perhaps in life we gain a grain of sand,
Worn with that majestic rock, yet still
It stands undaunted by the years, while we,
Time-shackled shadows, live our earthly fill;

Our treasured crystal flake fades fast away,
And we who took life lightly find Death stern;
In vain we try to live and understand;
"Life is a lesson"—yet what can we learn

To save ourselves from that untimely end
When all too soon the book is snatched away;
Our pen lies rusting on the moldering shelf
'Ere we can use it 'gainst our own decay.

Our patient teacher, Life, becomes the fiend
Who 'ere we've searched her secrets, must betray
The trusting pupils feeding on her store,
And each slow scholar smother in the clay.

Why is it that our lives must wend their way
Along the road that leads to such a fate?
We live for but a moment in the world;
We live to learn to struggle . . . and to wait.

Andrea del Sarto

MILBREY WALLER

"In reach," he said, "One must one's grasp o'er climb"
And yet from this he did himself depart,
For in Lucrezia's eyes he failed to find
The soul which might have glorified his art.
The faultless painter he is called today
Supreme master of color and technique;
There's beauty blended in the silver grey,
The perfect eyes, the more than perfect cheek.

Oh, Andrea del Sarto, with your charm and skill,
You could have won undying fame.
But love, too great for even fame to kill
Robbed you of true feeling, stole your name;
And, unrequited, failed to turn your eyes above—
But what's a heaven for if not for love?

A Cat Screams When You Pull Its Tail

ELIZABETH THEILER

"IT'S funny the way a cat screams when you pull its tail," Jan thought. "There he is, clutching at the seat of the chair, his eyes round and wild, his ears back, his hair bristling."

He snatched at her with his paw and scratched her hand. She drew it away and he ran into the living-room and hid under a chair. With a little scream of surprise and anger she followed him and tried to push him out from his refuge with her small foot.

"He must be punished. I'm his owner! I won't let him . . ."

But he ran away from her and leaped on top of the television set. As she got up to follow him her father yelled, "Quit playin' in the living room! So help me, if you break that set I'll spank you! We ain't even paid for it yet."

Her father was a tired-looking man with dark blond hair that fell across his square-jawed face. He was watching a fight on television.

"Leave that damned cat alone! Can't you see I'm watchin' T. V.?"

Crestfallen, Jan murmured, "I was tryin' to punish Tiger—he scratched . . ."

"Oh, get out!"

Jan's mother came in and sat down on the sofa. She glared at her daughter. "I told you to go to bed," she said. "What'cha doin' in here?" Then to her husband, "Can't you watch something decent for a change?"

"You're just as bad as Jan," he snorted to his wife.

She, too, was blond and could have been a pretty woman, but her hair was hanging across her forehead and her lipstick was in a tight little line around the edge of her lips. She looked haggard and strained.

Tears came to Jan's eyes but she was too proud to cry. She had hoped that her mother would be more sympathetic that evening. Her friend, Barbara, and the other girls had been mean to her at school that day. Jan grabbed the cat and walked out of the room, but Tiger jumped out of her arms and fled into the kitchen.

"Wisht' I had the guts to follow him. But Mom would spank me. I want him more than anything."

She loved Tiger in a way entirely out of proportion to her love for her parents who had not had time to show her much parental affection. Tiger was a playmate and comforter and her love for him was strong. Like a flame, it was brilliant, warm and protecting, but with a change of wind, it became dangerously possessive and destructive. Her fear of losing him sometimes made her treat him cruelly.

After she had finished brushing her teeth, Jan went into her room and sat by the window looking out on the railroad tracks. "Wonder why Barbara put water on my chair in school this morning. Mean, mean, mean! Barbara laughed. The other kids laughed. Why—why weren't they mean to somebody else? . . . Did they see me cry? Hope not. What did Barbara mean by 'Spoil sport—can't even take a joke.' That wasn't a joke! That was mean. Messed up my dress—my one pretty dress. The boys laughed too. Mean, mean! I hate Barbara—I like Barbara—I want her for my friend. Mom scolded me for messing up my dress. She said, 'You've never got a good

reason for messin' up things. I'm not gonna get you another dress until summer! Barbara has new dresses. Why can't I?"

Jan looked at the train coming along the tracks. It was an express. "Goes like Tiger when he chases something—all smooth fast lines. Rich people go on trains. Wisht' I could." When it had passed, the dimly lit station looked lonely standing against the still, stealthy flow of the river behind it. "Sad, sad river—sad trains—never stop for me—always running away. Tiger runs away."

Jan's thoughts were interrupted by her mother, "Jan, didn't I tell you to go to bed? Don't disobey me all the time!"

Jan jumped into bed. Her mother tucked the covers under her almost tenderly. Jan was surprised and thought, "Usually Dad comes home about now and Mom doesn't have time to come up 'cause she's fixing supper for him. Wonder why he was home early."

Jan's mother sat down on the side of the bed and held her hand. "Jan," she said, "I didn't mean to be so cross tonight, but you mustn't disobey me."

She looked strained, but while talking she relaxed a little bit. Her rough hands held Jan's little paw between them saying more in their caress than any words could possibly communicate.

Jan could not understand this new attitude of her mother, but she realized that it was good.

"I feel all warm and purry—wonder why Mom's holding my hand? Maybe that's what most mothers do when they put their kids to bed."

Her mother kissed her awkwardly on her forehead and took an old teddybear lying in a chair and put it beside her daughter. She then tip-toed out of the room, returning a moment later with Tiger in her arms.

"Teddy neds some company," she murmured with a faint smile as she put the cat down on the bed. Then, snapping off the light, she walked out of the little room.

Tiger immediately curled up in a round furry ball and went to sleep, purring. Jan felt like purring, too.

She thought contentedly, "Mom kissed me and brought me Tiger. Now I'm all warm. Mom really loves me almost as much as I love Tiger! The door's open so the night people can't come out at me from the crack between my bed and the wall. Maybe Barbara really was joking—sure she was—not really being mean!"

Jan turned over in her bed snuggling around Teddy and Tiger. She closed her eyes and began to doze, thinking about the fun she was going to have the following day.

"Falling, falling—ouch—bump—my tummy!" Jan awoke suddenly. "Oh, I didn't really fall at all—only a falling dream. Mom and Dad are arguing—I musn't listen. Everything was so nice before . . ."

But she couldn't help listening, for they were almost shouting.

"Yes, I was laid off!" her father exclaimed. "For what the hell else would I come home early?"

"Don't yell at me—I . . ."

"Now look who's yelling! Why can't you keep Jan out of the living-room—make her behave? I can't stand all the noise she makes!"

"You try and make her behave when you have to work all day in a factory 'cause your husband can't support you!"

"Oh, shut up! I work as hard as I can—and look what's waiting for me when I get home—a noisy brat—a frowsy wife who doesn't even comb her hair—a rotten . . ."

"Could you please tell me where I get the time to comb my hair? You go wash the dishes and *I'll* comb my hair!"

"Hell I will! That's your job!"

"Oh I see—I earn the money, keep house and take care of Jan and *you* watch the fights!"

"Okay . . ." Jan's father stood up so suddenly that he knocked over his chair. "You asked for it!" He stormed out of the living-room, slamming the front door behind him.

Jan had heard it all. "He's leaving again. Probably he'll go booze somewhere like he did before. Mom tried not to let me know. Hate—hate—hate . . . I think I hear Mom crying. . . . Oh no—please no—hate—mean!"

Tiger was curled up in the curve of Jan's waist. His motley-colored fur was soft and his whole body had a dull shine because of the light that fell across her bed from the open door. He looked as if he were smiling.

"There he is all happy and purring. Why should he be happy when I'm so unhappy? Mean—mean!"

She pulled the cat's tail.

"It's funny how Tiger screams when I pull his tail."

Memory

JOAN BARBOUR

Memory
Is a bulletin board
Where many-colored thoughts
Perch precariously.
Crowded, messy,
Wildly gay, and tacked
With blue and red barbs,
It sways back and forth
In your mind.
Sometimes it jars, and, angered,
You ache to rip out its disorganized jumble
And be rid forever
Of memorandum and reminder.
But then again you see
Yesterday and the day before that
Before your eyes, happiness in bright
Slips and slivers of glittering paper.
You remember, and remembering
Is sometimes worth all the pain.
Never clear away the clutter.
Bittersweet chaos
Is God's remedy
for blank despair.

Loneliness

KRISTI NORSTRAND

She sat there on the cold dry ground
Her legs stretched far in front of her
Looking out across a barren field
Late afternoon idling in the west.

The sun hung as a pale far-off glow
She felt it against her cheeks
As she lifted her face
Seeking its warmth.

But, it gave *no* warmth
It seemed so far away
The sky, though clear, was empty
In the breeze, no life.

They had all gone
And taken with them
Hot summer days, the cool ~~sweet~~ ^{salt} breeze
Laughter—

Only she, was there on the cold dry ground—
Looking out across a barren field.

A Laugh

EVELYN BATES

A laugh! What is a laugh?
Something cold and cruel to cut you to the core?
Like waves beat rocks to sand on a distant shore.
Or is it high and tingling, full of gaiety and mirth?
Or harsh and bitter sounding from the moment of its birth.

A laugh! What is a laugh?
Come, tell me what it means.
Did you just laugh with me,
Or at me, as it seems?

Future

PATRICIA BATES

Future—what does the future hold?
I ran the sandy path, barefooted,
With heart young, free and bold.
I ran not turning once to see what
I had left behind
As autumn leaves did fall, and far
the road did wind.
I fled—short-winded, laughing
Towards autumn's sun-lit skies—
Towards future, dazzling with its splendor;
The past, the past—good-bye.

Light Thoughts About Greenhorns

DOTSY ROTAN

Have you ever been a new girl
In an Eastern boarding school,
When the first few days' confusion
Leaves you feeling like a fool?
When you find yourself surrounded
By traditions old and wise,
And the rules by which you're bounded
Seem to break before your eyes.
When your family has left you
To clear your path alone,
With hosts of flustered others
Who are wishing they were home.
When your thoughts begin to wander
From the cloister far away,

To the hearth that you remember
And you wonder why you strayed.
Well listen, prissy Missy,
Don't you think that things are bleak,
'Cause you'll be oriented
Inside of half a week.
When all the unfamiliar names
Attach themselves to faces,
And things that gave you fits at first
Are falling in their places.
Then returning from vacation
In a less nostalgic state,
You find yourself an old girl—
And ain't it simply great?

Sleep

CLARE FOOSHEE

When stale to me seem former tastes for living,
When brain is drugged and every weary sense
Is full, I dream of ending all by giving
Myself to lover sleep for recompense.
I see him not, but at his courting call
The flowers of my thoughts begin to fade.
My eyelids droop and soon like petals fall;
My body wilts; and still sleep does persuade
Till nectar-whispers leave resistance dumb.
And all my doubts and cares no longer press.
To dreams, to help, to journey's end I come,
Embraced I lie in velvet senselessness.
Though lover flees when heralded by dawn
I stand refreshed to meet the world anon.

Off Beat

ANN STUHLER

Down with society!
Down with convention!
I'm going to live a life
Devoid of pretension.
Dream of purple lions in an alabaster tower
Hour by hour—
Watching . . . Waiting . . .
I'll be hoping for the flower
Of that scarlet-tinted hour
To go bursting like a geyser
Into blood-bespattered bloom
After gloom.
'Till my brain is stricken dumb,
All my senses overcome
With the pungent stabbing aura of perfume.

In a gold-encrusted chair
Just behind a platinum door
I will spit upon the floor,
And I'll make the gilded cower
In my alabaster tower.
I will stuff the proper primness of their laces
down their throats—
Snakes and swine the lot of them
Vipers! Shoats!
And protection will no longer be
Behind their moral moats.
O, and then I'll have a banquet
Where they'll all sit down to eat
Wine made of lemon bark and
Sugar bitter-sweet.
The main course will enter
On a scorching, flaming spear
And they'll eat
—Very slowly—
All their social-filthy duties
Year . . . by . . . year.
Their withered, patterned brains
Will fall upon the floor
And as they were devoid of thought
So devoid of gore—
For they'll crackle, crunch and shatter

When I grind them in the floor
Once more!
As the purple-coated lions in
Anticipation tremble
At the wildly happy thought
Of treats in store.

Mine will be a bed of blossoms
That feel suede-like to the skin
(For I surely will be naked
When I fold myself within)
Like unborn-calfskin pages
Of a Lilliputian book
Each separate glistening petal.
Dip my hand into the brook
Wash the apple that I took
I'll feel foetal.

So down with society!
Down with convention!
I'm going to live and die
Out of breath—so out of sigh
In an alabaster tower
At least ninety-eight feet high.
And there I'll lie
Devoid of pretension!



Calendar



Sept. 22 Old Girls return

Sept. 23 New Girls arrive

Sept. 26 Dobbs Field Day

Sept. 27 Missionary Night: Dr. T. Z. Koo
Department of Oriental Studies
University of Iowa

Oct. 2 Solo Dances: Irene Hawthorne, pre-
miere danseuse of The Metropolitan
Opera Co., accompanied by Kurt
Adler

Oct. 3 Hymns: Traditional service led by the
Headmistress

Oct. 11 Vespers: The Rev. Robert J. McCracken
Riverside Church, New York City

Oct. 12 Criticism Groups: Led by Dr. Edward
E. Penn
City College of New York

Oct. 30 Lecture-Demonstration:
Dr. H. von Baravalle
Adelphi College, Garden City, L. I.

Oct. 31 Council Hallowe'en Party

Nov. 6 Current Events Lecture:
Mr. James G. McDonald
"Some aspects of the Near East situa-
tion"

Nov. 7 Senior Tea Dance

Nov. 8 Missionary Night: Miss Katharine B. Hockin
Director of Studies, United Church Training School, Toronto, Canada

Nov. 13 Lecture: Suzanne Silvecruys, Sculptress
Sister of Baron Silvercruys, Belgian Ambassador to the United States

Nov. 20 Lecture: "House of Magic"
The General Electric Corp.

Nov. 22 Vespers: The Rev. Robert Appleyard
Christ Church, Greenwich, Conn.

Dec. 2 Missionary Night: Mr. Leonard W. Mayo
Director of Association for Aid of Crippled Children and Investigator for Rehabilitation of Korean Children

Dec. 11 Phoenix Play—"Great Expectations"

Dec. 12 Christmas Party at Estherwood

Dec. 13 Christmas Carol and Candlelight Service

Dec. 18
to Christmas Vacation
Jan. 8

Jan. 15 Concert: The Hudson Valley Orchestra

Jan. 17 Vespers: Dr. Howard Thurman
School of Theology, Boston University

Jan. 22 Lecture: Miss Helen Kirkpatrick
Assistant to the president of Smith College; former Public Affairs Advisor, Bureau of European Affairs

Jan. 24 Missionary Night:
Dr. Buell G. Gallagher
World University Service





Feb. 5 Student Recital

Feb. 12 Parents Day

Feb. 14 Missionary Night:
Mrs. Robert L. Edwards, Dobbs '37

Feb. 19 Dobbs Athletic Association German

Feb. 26 Concert: Evelyn Swarthout (Mrs. Patrick Hayes), Pianist, and lecture by Mr. Hayes

Feb. 28 Missionary Night:
Mr. Winburn T. Thomas
Field Representative for Indonesia,
National Council of the Churches of
Christ in the United States

March 5 Phoenix Play—"A Kiss for Cinderella"

March 12 Drama Class Play—"The Rivals"

March 14 Vespers: The Rev. William H. Kirkland
Chaplain of Vassar College

March 19
to Spring Vacation
April 2

April 3 Concert: Minisink Choir

April 4 Missionary Sunday:
Miss Margaret H. Steen

April 9 The Holbrooks: Dramatic Skit

April 17 Concert: Taft Glee Club

April 23 Dance Recital: Dobbs Dance Club

April 30 Current Events: Hans Kohn, Professor
of History at the College of the City
of New York

May 1 Senior Prom

May 2 Missionary Sunday: Mrs. Induk Pahk
Korea

May 7 Student Recital

May 8 Non-Resident Party

May 9 Founders Day: Dr. Morgan Phelps Noyes
Central Presbyterian Church,
Montclair, New Jersey

May 14 Dobbs Nursery School Party

May 15 Fathers' Day

May 16 Vesper Service: Dr. Ralph Sockman
Christ Methodist Church,
Park Avenue, New York

May 30 Tower Singing

June 5 Step Singing

June 6 Induction of Missionary Officers

June 7 Senior Banquet

June 8 Class Day: Junior Play,
Mantle Ceremony

June 9 Commencement Speaker:
Mrs. Oswald Lord





MURIEL DOLMETSCH

1938-1953

IN loving memory of Muriel Dolmetsch who in her one year here at Dobbs loved the school as much as we do who have been here longer. A mischievous eye, a sympathetic ear, a ready smile, a quiet sense of humor—all these things characterized Muriel. We who knew her will not forget her.

Mary Anne Newlands '55

Alix Newlands '57

Student Addresses

Alsop, Suzanne 3 Rivercrest Road, Riverdale, New York
 Altgelt, Mary Elizabeth Meadow Brook Road, Irvington-on-Hudson, New York

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 Barber, Sarah Scarborough, New York
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 Barker, Montie 10 Spooner Road, Chestnut Hill 67, Massachusetts
 Becker, Heidi 187 Clinton Avenue, Dobbs Ferry, New York
 Bell, Wendy Box 91, Route 1, Chandler, Arizona
 Bibby, Carolyn Hancock Place, Irvington-on-Hudson, New York
 Bopp, Charlotte 616 Park Street, Elgin, Illinois
 Bowden, Molly Ardsley Park, Irvington-on-Hudson, New York
 Brady, Eliot Far Hills, New Jersey
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 Briggs, Betsy Barney Park, Irvington-on-Hudson, New York
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 deSola, Patricia San Salvador, El Salvador, Central America
 Dewey, Ariane "High Time," Far Hills, New Jersey
 Dillon, Sylvia North Mountain Drive, Ardsley-on-Hudson, New York
 Dobson, Sally 41 West Brentmoor Park, Clayton 5, Missouri
 Dodd, Dianne Marlborough Road, Scarborough, New York
 Dudley, Karen Locochee Farm, Middleburg, Virginia

Dunning, Diana Waterfall Farm, R. F. D. No. 2, Ridgefield, Connecticut
 Eansor, Zoe Osborn Manor, 300 Broadway, Dobbs Ferry, New York

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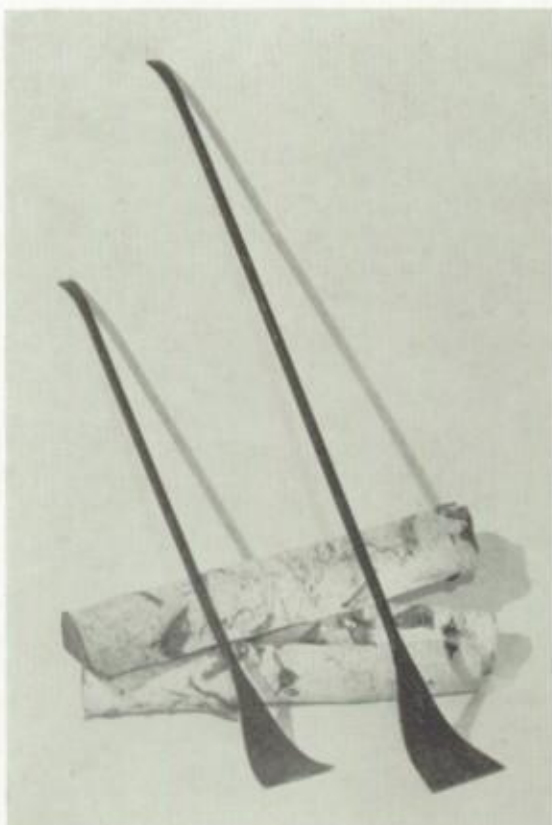
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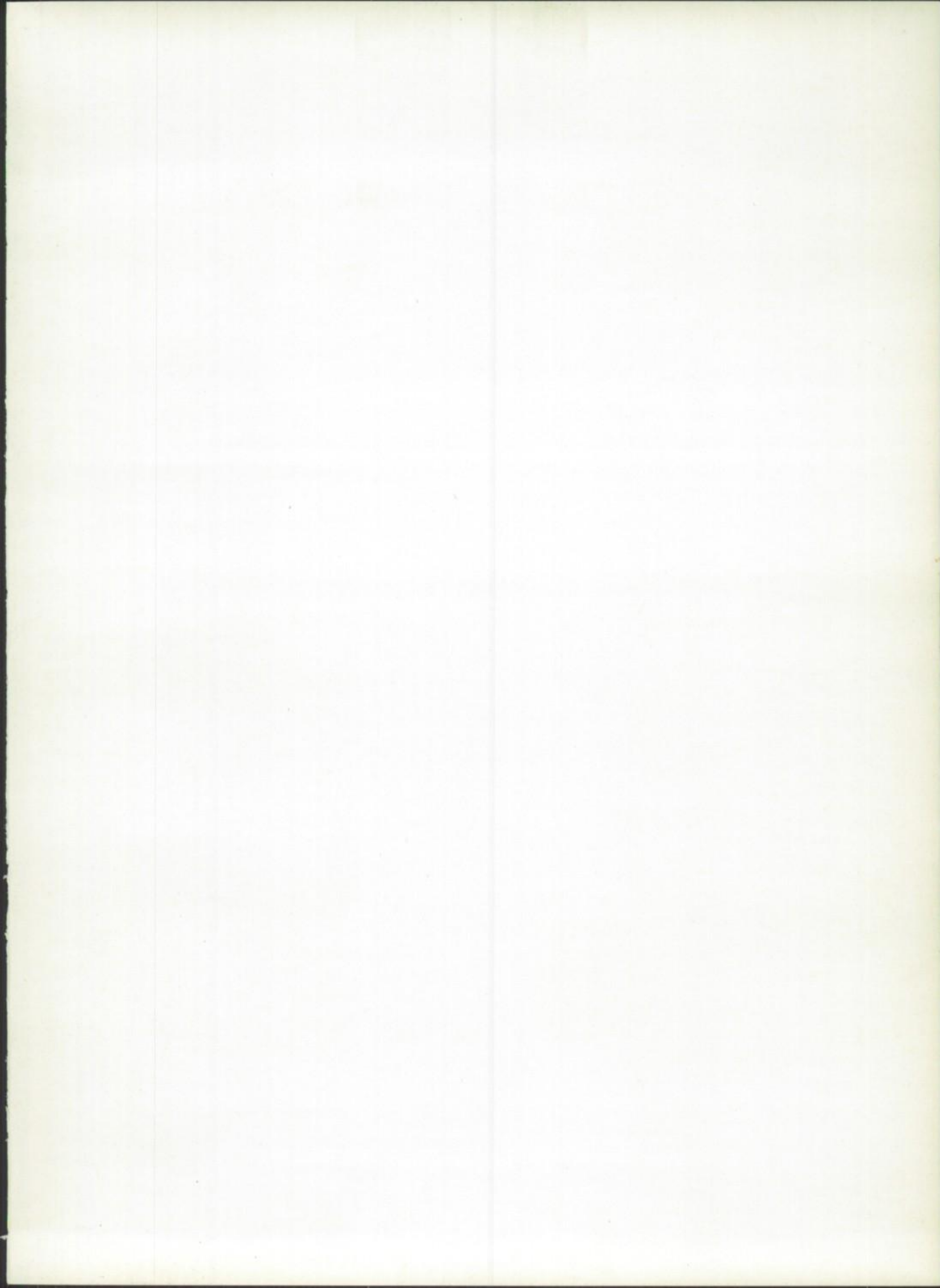
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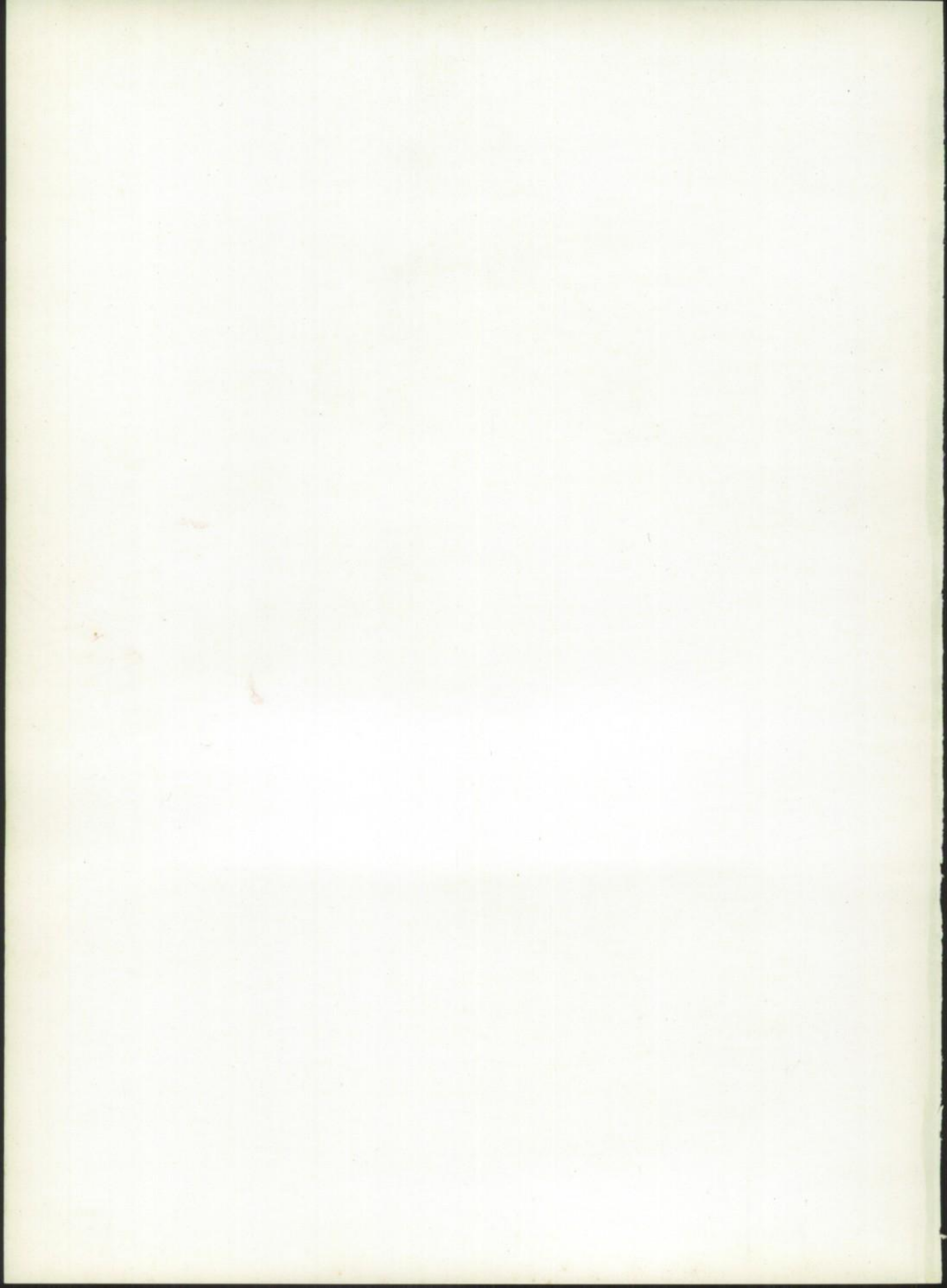
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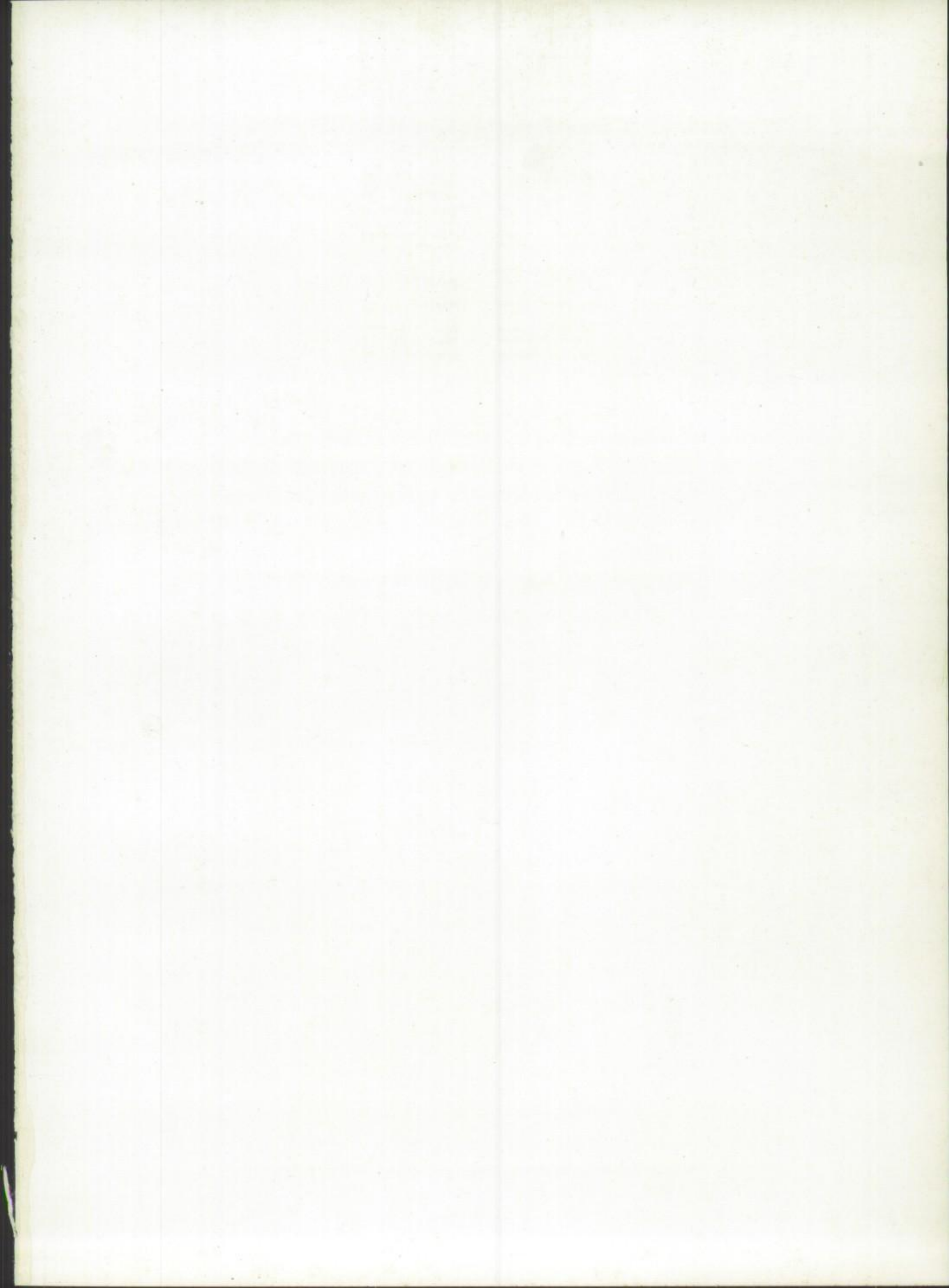
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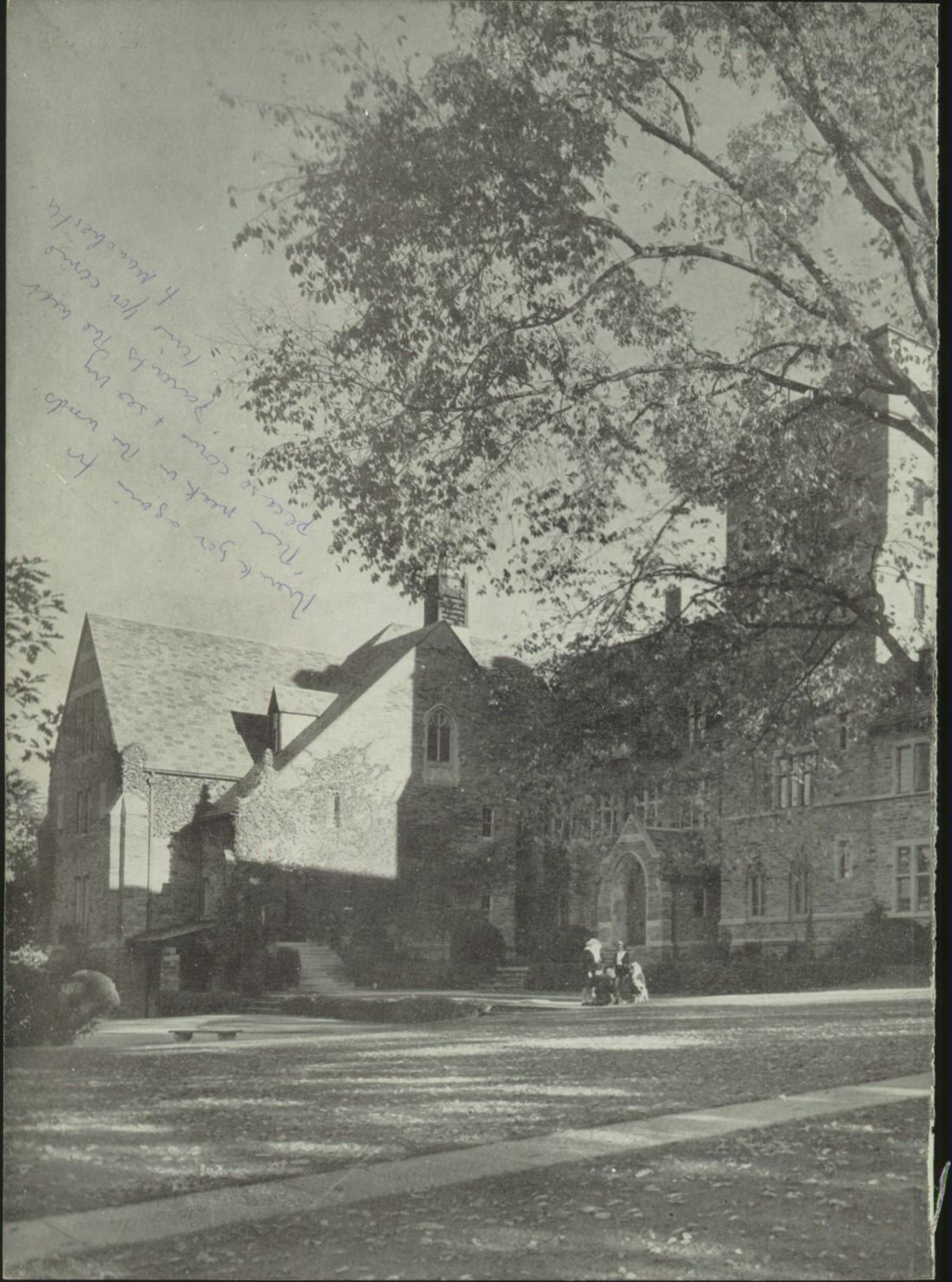












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